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PEMBROKE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER I.

AT half past six o'clock on Sunday night Barnabas came out of his bedroom. The Thayer house was only one story high, and there were no chambers. A number of little bedrooms were clustered around the three square rooms—the north and south parlors, and the great kitchen.

Barnabas walked out of his bedroom straight into the kitchen where the other members of the family were. They sat before the hearth fire in a semicircle—Caleb Thayer, his wife Deborah, his son Ephraim, and his daughter Rebecca. It was May, but it was quite cold; there had been talk of danger to the apple blossoms; there was a crisp coolness in the back of the great room in spite of the hearth fire.

Caleb Thayer held a great leather-bound Bible on his knees, and was reading aloud in a solemn voice. His wife sat straight in her chair, her large face tilted with a judicial and argumentative air, and Rebecca's red cheeks bloomed out more brilliantly in the heat of the fire. She sat next her mother, and her smooth dark head with its carven comb arose from her Sunday kerchief with a like carriage. She and her mother did not look alike, but their motions were curiously similar, and perhaps gave evidence to a subtler resemblance in character and motive power.

Ephraim, undersized for his age, in his hitching home-made clothes, twisted himself about when Barnabas entered, and stared at him with slow regard. He eyed the smooth, scented hair, the black satin vest with a pattern of blue flowers on it, the blue coat with brass buttons, and the shining boots, then he whistled softly under his breath.

"Ephraim!" said his mother, sharply. She had a heavy voice and a slight lisp, which seemed to make it more impressive and more distinctively her own. Caleb read on ponderously.

"Where ye goin', Barney?" Ephraim inquired, with a chuckle, and a grin over the back of his chair.

"Ephraim!" repeated his mother. Her blue eyes frowned around his sister at him under their heavy sandy brows.

Ephraim twisted himself back into position. "Jest wanted to know where he was goin'," he muttered.

Barnabas stood by the window brushing his fine bell hat with a white duck's wing. He was a handsome youth; his profile showed clear and fine in the light, between the sharp points of his dicky bound about by his high stock. His cheeks were as red as his sister's.

When he put on his hat and opened the door, his mother herself interrupted Caleb's reading.

"Don't you stay later than nine o'clock, Barnabas," said she.

The young man murmured something unintelligibly, but his tone was resentful.

"I ain't going to have you out as long as you were last Sabbath night," said his mother, in quick return. She jerked her chin down heavily as if it were made of iron.

Barnabas went out quickly, and shut the door with a thud.

"If he was a few years younger, I'd make him come back an' shut that door over again," said his mother.

Caleb read on; he was reading now one of the imprecatory psalms. Deborah's blue eyes gleamed with warlike energy as she listened: she confused King David's enemies with those people who crossed her own will.

Barnabas went out of the yard, which was wide and deep on the south side of the house. The bright young grass was all snowed over with cherry blossoms. Three great cherry-trees stood in a row through the centre of the yard; they had been white with blossoms, but now they were turning green; and the apple-trees were in flower.

There were many apple-trees behind the stone walls that bordered the wood. The soft blooming branches looked strangely incongruous in the keen air. The western sky was clear and yellow, and there were a few reefs of violet cloud along it. Barnabas looked up at the apple blossoms over his head, and wondered if there would be a frost. From their apple orchard came a large share of the Thayer income, and Barnabas was vitally interested in such matters now, for he was to be married the last of June to Charlotte Barnard. He often sat down with a pencil and slate, and calculated, with intricate sums, the amounts of his income and their probable expenses. He had made up his mind that Charlotte should have one new silk gown every year, and two new bonnets—one for summer and one for winter. His mother had often noted, with scorn, that Charlotte Barnard wore her summer bonnet with another ribbon on it winters, and, moreover, had not had a new bonnet for three years.

"She looks handsomer in it than any girl in town, if she hasn't," Barnabas had retorted with quick resentment, but he nevertheless felt sensitive on the subject of Charlotte's bonnet, and resolved that she should have a white one trimmed with gauze ribbons for summer, and one of drawn silk, like Rebecca's, for winter, only the silk should be blue instead of pink, because Charlotte was fair.

Barnabas had even pondered with tender concern, before he bought his fine flowered satin waistcoat, if he might not put the money it would cost into a bonnet for Charlotte, but he had not dared to propose it. Once he had bought a little blue-figured shawl for her, and her father had bade her return it.

"I ain't goin' to have any young sparks buyin' your clothes while you are under my roof," he had said.

Charlotte had given the shawl back to her lover. "Father don't feel as if I ought to take it, and I guess you'd better keep it now, Barney," she said, with regretful tears in her eyes.

Barnabas had the blue shawl nicely folded in the bottom of his little hair-cloth trunk, which he always kept locked.

After a quarter of a mile the stone walls and the spray of apple blossoms ended; there was a short stretch of new fence, and a new cottage-house only partly done. The yard was full of lumber, and a ladder slanted to the roof, which gleamed out with the fresh pinky yellow of unpainted pine.

Barnabas stood before the house a few minutes, staring at it. Then he walked around it slowly, his face upturned. Then he went in the front door, swinging himself up over

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DISHONEST TACTICS.

ONE of the worst effects of the Hawaiian embroilment is the confusion it has produced in the moral perceptions of men. There are two elements in it which pre-eminently have this tendency. One is that blind party spirit which stops at nothing to gain an advantage over the opposite party. The other is that inordinate ambition of territorial aggrandizement which recoils from no scheme of deception or robbery to accomplish its ends. It is more than probable that most of those who at present assail the administration for its attitude concerning the Hawaiian business are impelled by the first of these motives. They wish to break down the President, whose position in the confidence of the people is a tower of strength to his party by discrediting his patriotism and his wisdom as a citizen and statesman; and to this end they resort to a trick which is as dishonest as it is transparent.

They know perfectly well that every word of President CLEVELAND'S message as to the manner in which the Hawaiian government was overthrown a year ago is absolutely true; that the American minister at Honolulu, Mr. STEVENS, had for a long time yearned and hoped for a revolution in Hawaii to bring on annexation; that he had communicated his hope to the State Department, and asked for permission to use the armed forces of the United States present in Hawaiian waters for something beyond the mere protection of the American legation and of the lives and property of American citizens; that less than two months before the blow was struck he had informed the State Department that "the golden hour was near at hand"; that when the hour was at hand he caused United States troops to be landed without there being any call for the protection of American property, and against the protest of the lawful authorities of Hawaii; that, as shown by Admiral SKERRETT, the position in which the troops were placed was well calculated for the support of the revolutionary movement, but not at all for the protection of American property; that this was a warlike invasion of a friendly state; that the American minister recognized the self-proclaimed "provisional government" as the *de facto* government of Hawaii before it was in possession of the public property, and therefore before it was a government *de facto;* that the Queen yielded under protest to the superior force of the United States, and solemnly referred her case to the justice of our government; that the annexationists in hot haste offered Hawaii to the United States without the slightest authority from the Hawaiian people, whom they never dared to consult, but only on the strength of a *coup de main*, which had succeeded only through the aid afforded to it by the American minister and by United States troops.

All these facts the opponents of the President know. They know that a great wrong has been committed, and that the honor of the country has been tarnished. What do they do? In order to cover up the wrong done by men of their own party, they fiercely assail the man who seeks to right it for overstepping his powers. They seek to divert attention from the thief by abusing the policeman who is after the criminal. This is the meaning of Mr. HOAR'S boisterous denunciations of the President in the Senate, and of Mr. HITT'S resolutions and Mr. BOUTELLE'S wild outcries in the House of Representatives. According to them, no more dangerous blow has ever been struck at the free institutions of this country, and no greater outrage has ever been perpetrated against the cause of progress and republican government in the world, than by President CLEVELAND'S efforts to expose the misconduct of a faithless public servant, and to prevent the acquisition of a foreign country by theft against the will of its people. It is hard to understand how men of any pretence to candor and decency can descend to a game so shamelessly hypocritical, which evidently now has become the plan of campaign of the Republicans in Congress, as well as in the larger number of their party organs, against the Democratic administration. It cannot be said that so far the Democrats, at least in Congress, have put forth any remarkable effort to repel this perfidious attack. They have seemed rather inclined to let the good cause take care of itself. But it is to be hoped that they will not lose so excellent an opportunity for placing before the people, in the most drastic and instructive way, the spectacle of dishonest political tactics recoiling upon their authors, and covering them with the disgrace and odium they deserve. This will be a great service to public morality.

There is one feature of the public discussion of the Hawaiian business especially painful and deplorable. It is the interest taken by so many clergymen on the side of the Hawaiian annexationists. Whether this is really owing to the fact, as has been suggested, that some of the most prominent leaders in the so-called Hawaiian revolution are sons of missionaries, and that this has stirred up the *esprit de corps* among the clergy, we shall not attempt to determine. Assuming their impulses to be entirely honest, we can hardly conceive of a more grievous aberration of judgment. We have before us a letter from a clergyman in which the writer gravely asserts that Secretary GRESHAM, in his first report to the President upon this subject, had "espoused the cause of barbarism against civilization." The reverend gentleman evidently forgets that whatever we may think as to the means by which civilization may be promoted in Hawaii, the civilization in which we as Americans are interested in the first line is American civilization. It is our chief duty to see to it that this American republic, which we are fond of calling the greatest and freest nation in the world, and the leader of human progress, should cultivate in itself and exhibit to the rest of mankind those evidences of justice, fair dealing, truthfulness, and general morality which are the essential attributes of genuine civilization.

The Queen of Hawaii may, for aught we know, be a very objectionable person, and her habits of life and methods of government may have left ever so much to desire. Yet she was the head of a state which, however small and feeble, was generally recognized as an independent member of the family of nations, with whom this republic maintained the same regular diplomatic intercourse through accredited ministers, and the same relations of friendly commerce, which we maintain with other nations. There are other sovereigns of whose personal characters we have a poor opinion, and whose methods of government fall far below our standards. But no truly civilized man will pretend that this gives us a right to permit our legations to become the headquarters of conspiracies against them, and our armed forces to be used in time of peace for aiding in the overthrow of their governments, that their territory may be turned over to us. True civilization holds a tramp to be as much entitled to common justice and good faith as a bishop. When our reverend friend soberly thinks of it, and summons the teachings of Christianity to enlighten his conscience, it will dawn upon him that, whatever relics of barbarism may still exist in little Hawaii, no more vicious blow could be struck at the cause of human civilization than by turning this American republic, the great champion of freedom and progress, into a nation of freebooters, and by sanctioning the receiving of stolen goods as a legitimate means of national aggrandizement. He may also begin to feel that it is an especially shameful thing, and one very dangerous to the authority of the church, when ministers of religion go out of their way to justify, and advocate as righteous, acts done by the agents of the government which, if done in private life, would lead the perpetrators straight to the penitentiary and to imperishable disgrace. No church can well afford to allow such teachings to be addressed by its ministers to the youth of the country.

THE MINORITY TARIFF REPORT.

THE report which the Republican members of the Committee on Ways and Means have presented on the WILSON tariff bill is a caustic and biting document, such as might be expected from the pen of its author, Mr. REED. It bears throughout the marks of partisan venom. We commend to the attention of Mr. REED and of his associates the golden words which HENRY CLAY used in 1824 in the speech which first brought before the public the so-called American system. Himself an ardent protectionist, this generous-minded statesman could say of the advocates and opponents of protection: "Both classes are equally sincere in their respective opinions, equally honest, equally patriotic, and desirous of advancing the prosperity of the country. In the discussion and consideration of these opposite opinions, for the purpose of ascertaining which has the support of truth and reason, we should, therefore, exercise every indulgence and the greatest spirit of mutual moderation and forbearance."

The gist of the objection that the minority report makes to the proposed tariff legislation is that it is a half-way measure; that the Democrats, starting on the principle of a revenue tariff, have offered a tariff which retains a large measure of protection, and neither redeems their promises nor retains the protective system intact. This is undoubtedly true. The duties proposed in the WILSON tariff bill would be supposed in any other country to constitute a high and rigorous protective system. The act is a compromise, in which those who believe in protection retain, after all, a much larger degree of concession than those who oppose it. The only incisive changes are in the free admission of certain raw materials, like coal, iron ore, and wool. These changes, accompanied as they are by duties that are more than moderate on the manufactured articles, would be welcomed by the protectionists of any other country.

But no reasonable man would advocate or expect anything else. Even the most ardent free-trader would not propose to sweep away at one blow a system of legislation to which the industries of the community have accommodated themselves. He would begin by making tentative changes and trying the results of moderate reductions. In England the process by which a protective tariff system probably more complicated and more excessive than that of the MCKINLEY act was transformed into a system in which no remnant of protection remains, lasted nearly half a century. If ever this country should reach the condition of having a tariff system which was really for revenue only, and in which no vestige of protection was retained, it would not be until a generation at least had elapsed.

In truth, however, the question now before the public of the United States is not the question between free trade and protection, or between a tariff for revenue only and a tariff for protection only. The question is simply whether we shall have a system of extreme and unqualified and constantly growing protection; or whether we shall call a halt, and moderate somewhat that extension of the duties which the Republicans made in the tariff act of 1883 and in the MCKINLEY act. This country has never had a system of free trade. The inevitable reliance of the Federal government upon import duties makes it unlikely that we shall ever have such a system. The tariff acts of 1846 and 1857, passed by the Democrats, praised by them and abused by their opponents, were far from being free-trade measures or measures for revenue only. The acts passed by the Republicans in 1870 and 1872, on the other hand, initiated a policy of moderation in protection which it would have been wise for them to have maintained. They began in these measures to prune somewhat the high duties imposed during the civil war, and to admit some raw materials free. Unfortunately, in later years, this wise and conservative policy was abandoned, and the party gradually granted more and more freely the demands of those interested in high duties. This was done hesitatingly and with concealment in the act of 1883; it was done boldly and flaunted in the face of the people in the act of 1890. The verdict of the people on the new departure was given emphatically in the election of 1892. It was that the Republicans had gone too far in the MCKINLEY tariff, and that it was time to retrace our steps toward a more liberal tariff policy.

The Democrats, in the WILSON bill, are virtually returning to the conservative policy which the Republicans themselves were beginning to adopt in the period immediately after the close of the civil war. Whether they will go further, and whether we shall eventually have a still further reduction of the protective duties, the country may have ample opportunity to consider in years to come. For the present, the question is whether the people are still of the same mind as they were a year and a half ago, and whether the Democrats are to be supported in carrying out manfully the policy on which they presented themselves to their constituents. The WILSON bill is an honest, careful endeavor to carry out that policy. It is not a revolutionary measure. When once it has been in operation six months, it will appear that no rude shocks are given by it to the industry of the country. The present depression is the natural and inevitable sequence of the acute crisis of the summer. The turn of the industrial tide must bring in due course of time a revival of activity and prosperity. The uncertainty about tariff legislation is undoubtedly one factor in retarding the change for the better, and prompt action by Congress here, as on the silver question, is highly needful. Let the tariff be settled, and the business world be given a firm basis on which to proceed, and the clamor of Mr. REED and his associates will soon be buried in the forgotten past.

DO CRIMINALS GOVERN THE POLICE?

THE police force of New York has long been one of the prides of the city. When we have grown despondent over CROKER and his ways, we have been wont to console ourselves with the excellence of our Fire Department and our police force. And it is true that the rank and file of both departments are good men, who often do their duty with a fidelity and with a heroism in dangerous circumstances that would make them conspicuous on the field of battle. They would rather be good than bad, honest than dishonest. Whatever of corruption and wickedness there may be in the management of the two departments is due to the politicians who control them, both those

who are officially at their head and those who have no official connection with them, but whose "pull" is so strong that they are powers in every department of the city government. So far as the police force is concerned, however, recent revelations, or accusations, give the citizens of New York reason to think that Crokerism pervades the department, and makes it a menace to good citizens and an ally of the vicious. One captain has been indicted, and other captains and an inspector are threatened with indictment, the charge against them being, in brief, that they have used their official positions to shelter vice and to protect law-breakers, in return for money paid them as bribes or by way of blackmail.

The charges against the police authorities are made with minute detail. They cannot be ignored or passed over in silence. They are against politicians who are Police Commissioners, CROKER'S leaders in the Assembly districts, and against some of the policemen who have obtained high rank in the force. If these charges are true, the good citizens of New York are protected by a police force whose heads are in league with the criminal classes. Life, liberty, and property are at the mercy of favored criminals. So intimate is the relation between the police and criminals, so close is the friendship between those who administer and those who violate the law, that on Christmas day the newspapers reported, almost without comment, a rumor that a police justice had interceded with Superintendent BYRNES in behalf of a well-known ruffian, a homicide now under indictment for assault in the first degree, asking that he might not be arrested on a charge of crime against the election laws until the holidays were over.

The charges against the police authorities are made by Dr. PARKHURST and two daily newspapers. It is asserted that in addition to protecting vice in return for blackmail, the Police Commissioners, MARTIN and SHEEHAN (Tammany), and MCCLAVE (Republican), turn over to the CROKER Assembly district leaders the command of the police in their bailiwicks; that the orders of these leaders are obeyed, even when they conflict with the commands issued by Superintendent BYRNES; that therefore there has been friction between the ostensible executive head of the police force and the politicians; that there has been a conspiracy to remove BYRNES because he would not connive at the misuse of the police in politics and as brevet criminals. Discipline has been destroyed in consequence of this, and criminals have correspondingly flourished. It is charged that captaincies of the police force are purchased with money, and that the captains who buy their promotion expect to be put in charge of "profitable" precincts, meaning precincts in which disorderly houses, gambling-dens, and violators of the excise law abound. It is charged that in KEMPNER'S district, at the last election, the police, acting under the orders of the CROKER boss of the district, GEORGE F. ROESCH, tore down KEMPNER'S posters and lithographs. It is charged that saloon-keepers and others are regularly levied upon by policemen, who act under the directions of the CROKER boss of the locality, for the support of political and personal clubs. It is charged that, at the last election, CROKER leaders and captains were permitted to select the policemen who were to be stationed at the various polling-places, the inference being that officers were wanted who would not be inconveniently scrupulous in preventing violations of the election law. It is also charged that if these same local bosses find a policeman who is unwilling to protect a favored law-breaker, they are able to have the rebellious officer transferred to another precinct, where there is less opportunity for the exercise of his inconvenient virtue.

It is said that all these offences are known and connived at by the Tammany Police Commissioners. One newspaper describes the rapidity with which MARTIN became apparently rich after he was appointed a Police Commissioner. Another newspaper asserts that SHEEHAN was a defaulter when he was Comptroller of Buffalo. This SHEEHAN denies. The four Commissioners vote usually three to one, the two Tammany men and the Republican being opposed by Commissioner MACLEAN, who is apparently interested in helping out the case against his colleagues.

Whatever may be the truth concerning these charges, it ought to be discovered. A statute enacted by the Legislature has placed the police under the control of politicians. The Legislature ought to assume the duty of discovering precisely how its system for governing the city police force has worked. Not only have definite charges been made, but proof of them is offered by those who make them. The investigating committee that comes here intent on doing its duty fearlessly, honestly, and fairly will evidently have abundance of assistance. If these charges are true, the Legislature should do all in its power to remedy the wrongs perpetrated under its statutes, while prosecuting officer and the criminal courts of the city ought to do their duty and bring the criminals, official and unofficial, to punishment.

THE LESSON OF THE LEHIGH STRIKE.

THE recent general strike on the Lehigh Valley Railroad was one of the most interesting disturbances which the world of labor has experienced. It began with an imposing display of power by the leaders of the unions. At 10 P.M. on November 18th a grievance committee issued its orders by telegraph, and immediately all classes of men on the road, to the number of two thousand, quit work, only those actually on trains in transit waiting to reach their destination. Public interest was aroused by this dramatic situation, and still more keenly by the vaster interests threatened. The precise questions at issue were not understood. The railway officers denied all knowledge of such questions. The strikers asserted that they had been driven to extreme measures by a series of arbitrary and disingenuous proceedings on the part of the officers, and by their refusal to hear protests and complaints from committees of the men, on the pretext that such committees could not represent the men, who must be treated with only as individuals. But the press and the public took no interest in these differences, which even the parties to the strife failed to make prominent; nor have subsequent events thrown a clear light on their merits. Whatever these may have been, the struggle from the first appeared to be for victory, not for principle. The substantial issue was, whether or not the organization of working-men is strong enough to compel the company to recognize it, and to deal with it as the representative and protector of all classes of its members.

The railroad company began at once to fill the places of the strikers. It advertised for men, and sent out agents to recruit its forces. Its business suffered severely; coal and other freight were stopped, and passenger traffic was seriously interrupted. But there were multitudes unemployed in all the region around, and the company soon enlisted a new working force, able to manage a great part of its business. Its recovery was progressive, and within a fortnight the prospect was assured that it would ultimately be able to man its whole line anew. The cost and loss were enormous, but its determination was unwavering. Meanwhile the strikers clung to the hope on which their leaders had relied from the first. Each class of the strikers belonged to extensive unions, comprising laborers of similar classes on all the other railroads on which the vast trade of the Pennsylvania coal regions depends, and on many of their connections. Each of these associations solemnly pledges its members to move no freight from or for a road on which an authorized strike prevails. But every road is bound by law to accept and move freight for other roads without discrimination. However successful, then, the Lehigh Valley road might be in obtaining non-union engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, switchmen, and telegraphers, yet whenever its freight should be tendered to and accepted by another road, the men of that road would reject it. The road would necessarily require them to move it, and they would strike. As long as the Lehigh Valley should persist in refusing the strikers' demands, the paralysis of trade would spread over ever wider districts, until the public damage would become intolerable, and would bring upon the Lehigh managers an irresistible pressure.

But the company avoided the trap. It quietly prosecuted its own business as best it could, avoiding with extreme care any assertion of its legal right to command assistance from connecting roads. It thus afforded the union no pretext for laying those roads under the ban. This policy destroyed the last hope of the strikers. They awakened from their dream of power to find themselves without wages, their families in increasing want, faced by a winter of idleness, and their places filled by others. The Labor Commissioners of two States mercifully intervened, and obtained from the company a nominal compromise, the substance of which was a complete surrender of the strikers, re-employment being accepted for all whom the company might choose to take back.

The result is a victory for the road, but dearly bought, and settling no principle. The time had been most unpropitious for the strike. It came during profound depression in all industries, when vast numbers were eagerly seeking employment, and when deserted posts of labor were easily filled. The failure of the strike proved only what all thoughtful men knew before, that no association can supply the lack of resources in its individual members, nor can organization create plenty in the midst of want. The strike, from the first, was a blunder of leaders, who had no appreciation of the limits imposed on their power by economic laws. Its main significance is to show that the immense forces for good or evil possessed by associated laborers are now, as so often before, without the governing and guiding intelligence essential to their efficiency. The Lehigh Valley strike was an ambitious dream, with no practical basis for a prospect of success. Even if the company had been less politic, and the conflict had extended far and wide, although the damage might have been multiplied, the ultimate defeat of the laborers must have been but the more signal. Such a movement must end in disaster unless a just cause is pursued with wise management. The leaders of a great railroad strike deal with tremendous forces, affecting vast public interests, and these can only be properly guided by such ability as makes high statesmanship. It is pitiful to see reckless folly handling thunderbolts, or the ambition of a light-headed dreamer driving the chariot of the sun.

The curse of nearly all attempts to combine into an efficient power large bodies of working-men has been this lack of leadership. Its most conspicuous example is seen in the Knights of Labor. A few years ago this association had a magnificent membership of perhaps a million of freemen, united in the desire to elevate the condition, thoughts, and lives of themselves and their children. No nobler opportunity for statesmanlike guidance was ever offered than was thrust upon the founders and counsellors of the order. Had they been wise enough to define and keep steadily in view the legitimate ends of the organization, and to make it subserve the purposes of education and enlightenment, of mutual protection and charity, which were avowed in its origin, it might have become a beneficent agent in promoting the welfare of its members, and a precious factor of our American civilization. But its control was obtained by ambitious demagogues, who sought to grasp its power, to display it as their own, and to use it in interfering with matters wholly beyond its province. Their plans would only be practicable if the workingman formed a species apart from the rest of mankind, and ready to sacrifice all ties of country, kindred, friendship, and home in order to establish a tyranny of his own class over society. There is no large body of laborers in America who desire to be at war with their countrymen; and the organization has rapidly fallen to pieces through the overreaching ambitions and the mutual quarrels of its leaders. The small remnant of members who cling to its name and form have now found a new head. Mr. POWDERLY was for many years a check upon the wildest schemes of conspirators, who aimed to lead the Knights in a crusade against the existing order of society. Whether Mr. SOVEREIGN will be able to bring back to them any of the prestige and the power lost by their dissensions remains to be seen. But his first manifesto promises to drag the order into the arena of politics, in the advocacy of wilder delusions than have ever yet been embraced by any national party. It seems likely that the lack of wise leadership will continue long enough to complete the destruction of this greatest of all experiments in the organization of labor.

RELIEF OF THE POOR.

THE problem of relieving the awful distress of poverty that prevails in New York this winter is most difficult of wise solution. It is not singular to the metropolis. The usual number of the unemployed is greater than it has been before for years in all the cities and towns of the country. The time has gone by for inquiring into the cause of this unaccustomed misery, or rather the inquiry must be suspended until it can be thoroughly studied. Now is the time for devising means for relief, for saving the worthy poor from suffering and death from starvation and exposure.

As New York is the metropolis, and the centre to which many needy, seeking assistance or work, make their way, it is here that the victims of the hard times are most numerous, both in actual numbers and probably in proportion to the population of the city. It is variously estimated that those who are without the means of procuring daily food and shelter in this city number from 30,000 to 100,000. An exact enumeration has not been made. The various charity organizations of the city; public and private, secular and religious, including the admirable University Settlement, of which Dr. COIT is the head, realize the enormous importance of the task at hand. The charitable people of the city are thoroughly aroused. New organizations have been formed to meet the emergency, and men and women who have heretofore known little of the regular charity work carried on in the city, at an estimated annual cost of $10,000,000, have become busy volunteers in the good work.

The movements for relief ought to come together for the better systemization of the task. They ought to discover as precisely as possible the number of persons entitled to relief. A good many are willing to live on the generosity awakened by the existing distress who do not deserve help; but the charitable would rather be deceived by ten than that one deserving person should go unfed or unhoused. So far as possible, however, relief should be confined to those who are willing to work. The tramp from elsewhere will not come to New York if he knows that he must work for his soup and his bed. He can beg as easily where he is, and perhaps with better results. The plan of increasing the force on the city works, on street-cleaning, sidewalk-repairing, and in the parks, so far as it can be done in winter, is excellent. Better still is the plan of Mrs. JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL, who puts her beneficiaries at work at making clothes, paying them fair but not high wages, thus emphasizing the temporary and true character of their employment. This is not the time for retrenchment that is not absolutely enforced by lack of means. True charity will exert itself to keep people at work. A very large part of the needy of to-day are persons who do not want to be taken care of, but to work. The self-respect and *morale* of these people, as well as their lives and health, should be preserved.

JOHN PATRICK HOPKINS,
The new Mayor of Chicago.—[See Page 16.]

EMMA CALVÉ,
The *Carmen* of the New Metropolitan Opera.—[See Page 15.]

THE HON. WAYNE MACVEAGH,
The new Ambassador to Italy.

THE AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.

Few men have packed so much work and so many political honors into a life that is yet at its prime as President Cleveland's new appointee to the Italian mission, ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh. It is not so great a thing for a man to have been chairman of his party, and the dominant party at that, and in war-time in the bargain, in a State like Pennsylvania, in his thirtieth year. Nor is it so great a thing for a man to have held two important foreign missions and an Attorney-Generalship by the time that he is sixty. But for a man to have done these things, so to speak, on his "days off," and to have been creating all the time, as the main business of his life, a reputation at once solid and brilliant as a leader of the Pennsylvania bar, is a thing that no man in his generation but Mr. MacVeagh can lay claim to have accomplished. As he has succeeded without any of the arts of popularity, is credited with a somewhat sarcastic habit of speech, and is said to have been called "the young man from Bitter Creek," Mr. MacVeagh's double success must be credited more than almost any other success of the time to sheer intellectuality. When it is also remembered that Mr. MacVeagh has never been a mere "dig," but has shone quite as brightly at the Clover Club dinner table as in the highest courts of the land and in the cabinet of Garfield, the sense of his mental attainments rises from the admiring to the marvelling.

Born in the pretty town of Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, not far from historic and lovely Valley Forge, on April 19, 1833, Mr. MacVeagh began to live and work as soon as he could get at it. He was graduated from Yale at twenty, admitted to the bar at twenty-three, and three years later was District Attorney of his native county of Chester. When war came, Mr. MacVeagh, like the late Samuel J. Randall, saw a brief tour of duty as an "emergency man," serving in 1862 as captain of a cavalry company raised to repel invasion. In the following year he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. He afterwards applied himself closely to the practice of his profession, and set himself, before accepting his next public office—that of Minister to Turkey in 1870–71—well along toward his present position in the law, which is that of one of the leading counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and an important member of the firm of New York and Philadelphia lawyers which President Cleveland entered after his first term of office. Upon his return from Turkey Mr. MacVeagh sat in the very important State Constitutional Convention of 1872–3, which established biennial sessions of the Legislature, did away with special legislation, and prohibited the merging of parallel and competing railway lines. Then private life claimed him once more till the spring of 1877, when he was sent at the head of a commission by President Hayes to investigate the claims of the two conflicting State governments of Louisiana.

Since his Attorney-Generalship under President Garfield in 1881, Mr. MacVeagh's life has been too well known to require detailed mention. Long before he left the Republican party last year he was entirely independent in the municipal politics of Philadelphia, using his sharp pen and tongue one year in criticising Republican jobbers, and the next (as chairman of the local civil service reformers) in scoring the Democratic postmaster, whom, as chairman of the National Committee, he followed to victory in 1892.

Mr. MacVeagh, when his career was mostly yet to make, married a daughter of Senator Simon Cameron. When it is considered that this relation would naturally bring him into close contact with that rigid old disciplinarian, the assertiveness of his political independence becomes all the more noticeable.

A. E. Watrous.

THE FIRST CAVALRY BAND, U.S.A.

Stationed out West is a crack mounted cavalry band that unfortunately is as far away as Fort Grant, Arizona. Its appearance is certainly fine and soldierly, and the programme of a "winter evening concert" given at the fort chapel shows that they play good music out in Arizona. The entertainment was opened with a voluntary by J. B. Calkin, and concluded with a Tarantella in A minor by Pieczonka. Bach, Handel, Beethoven, were all represented in the numbers. There is nothing in this world as inspiriting as a mounted band on the march. Although we are not a military nation, there is a great deal of interest shown in things military, and it is to be regretted that we hide most of our best regiments and crack companies in the regular service at far-off posts. Why not let the citizens see some of our boys in blue? Might it not help the "recruity" to decide that the army is not so bad after all, and even change his mind about "desertin'" at the first opportunity? What every regiment needs is *esprit de corps*. There is nothing that instils this more than a couple of months' duty "on show" in a city barracks. We hope some day to see the First Cavalry Band come down Fifth Avenue. We certainly can congratulate the regiment on its possession. Its leader, Chief-Musician Erastus M. Walker, speaks of it as his "ideal of what a cavalry band should be."

THE MOUNTED BAND OF THE FIRST UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

WOLVES.

BY F. S. CHURCH.

I CAME East when I was a young man. It was in the fall of 1850, my health not being very good, that I went home to visit my parents, and while there I met two old schoolmates of mine, Dr. Jo P—— and a Mr. C——, who at that time were quite prominent in scientific circles, both active members of the Boston Agassiz Scientific Association, and also in the Kent County Archæological Society. They were selected by Mr. Lathimer, the State geologist, to undertake a short expedition into the northern part of the State for the purpose of a thorough examination of an outcrop of rocks in Roscommon County, called Chippewa Ledge, and also to contract with one Dan Webster, a then well-known trapper, whose headquarters were in that vicinity, to furnish the State with a specimen of every wild animal then inhabiting our forests; and at that time the upper part of Michigan was still almost a wilderness.

These two gentlemen invited me to go with them, which invitation I was only too glad to accept, as it would be something very novel, and a great change from my life in New York. We put our traps on a wagon, and had to travel some sixty miles by team to the Muskegon River, where we launched a small boat we had brought with us, and poled up the river to its head-waters. Here we met Webster the trapper, and saw for the first time Chippewa Ledge. This outcrop of rocks is a very peculiar one, and, I believe, has never been fully accounted for by geologists. It is about ten miles long, from fifty feet to a quarter of a mile in width, averaging some sixty feet in height, and at that time right in the midst of a dense pine forest. On each end of the ledge is a beautiful little marl lake about a mile long and a quarter of a mile in width. The water is a lovely emerald-green, clear as crystal, and one could see the bottom plainly at fifty feet. They are quite remarkable from the fact that they were full of white-fish, a species found only in the Great Lakes, while on the sandy beaches a kind of snail abounded of which the shells were very beautiful, and said to exist on but one other lake in the world, and that in Russia. About the centre of the ledge is an opening or pass some twenty feet in width, extending through the mass of rocks, and one peculiarity of this singular formation is that it is entirely devoid of any vegetation, and resembles old feudal architecture, giving the impression that it is the work of man. There is a legend, which I shall speak of later, which has given this singular formation its name.

Our first business was with Webster, who had a log cabin just at the entrance of the pass, and we found him arranging his traps to take some beavers near by, which, he said, were the only ones left in the State south of Mackinaw. He was an object of interest to all of us, as we knew something of his history. His father, a native of New York State, was in Mr. Astor's service during the formation of the American Fur Company, and played a prominent part with them in the trials and tribulations they underwent in their efforts to compete with and rival the famous Hudson Bay Company. He afterwards settled in Michigan, became an Indian trader on his own account, married the daughter of a Chippewa chief—a tribe of Indians once very famous in the State for their marvellous fighting qualities, magnificent physique, and natural intelligence, and their great faith in all the traditions of the tribe, which were handed down from generation to generation, and still lived up to with religious fidelity, although a mere remnant, having years before been almost destroyed by the Algonquins, a tribe which occupied territory farther north.

Webster was a half-breed. His father was very ambitious for him, and sent him East to be educated. He graduated from Yale, took up the study of law, passed his examination successfully, and began practice in New York. He made there a most unfortunate marriage, ending in a scandal and the elopement of his young wife, who was in every way unworthy of him. It was a terrible blow to Webster, who returned West to his parents completely prostrated; a long spell of sickness was the result, and when he recovered he took to the woods, and for a couple of years trapped in the vicinity of Chippewa Ledge, the stronghold of his ancestors. He was a fine specimen of manhood, standing about six feet three in height, swarthy complexion, black hair, perfect health, and gentle manners, inheriting a great deal of the romantic tendencies of his ancestors on his mother's side. His cabin of logs showed his sense of the picturesque; but the most noticeable thing was the number of crossbeaks that fluttered in and out. These little birds, denizens of the pine woods, sought every opportunity to alight on Webster's person, and seemingly to delight in his presence. We found out afterwards that he was a devout Catholic, and he told me one day the beautiful church legend of the crossbeak, how the Saviour, dying on the cross, deserted by all, saw a little bird covered with blood twisting his little bill all out of shape in its feeble efforts to draw the iron nails from the cross upon which He was suspended, and how He turned and blessed it, and perpetuated these marks on its bill and breast, and as we listened to its sad little notes among the mournful pines they seemed to make the story true.

We heard afterwards that all the money Webster made trapping went to the support of some aged Chippewas who were living in a Jesuit mission in Mackinaw.

His greeting to us was very cordial, and he insisted upon our being his guests during our stay in the vicinity. As to the contract of supplying the State with animals, he hesitated somewhat, as he had about decided upon going farther north very soon. His father and mother both had died since he left home. He had been in the woods some two years, only seeing once in a while some Indians, who came down from Mackinaw once or twice a year, acting for agents there to get what pelts he had.

A lumber camp had just been started some sixty miles below, and very lately he had received a visit from a "land-looker" employed in the lumber interest, reminding him that civilization was encroaching on his domains, and making him anxious to move. Possessing as he did such fine social attributes, his dislike of his fellows' society could only be accounted for by his unfortunate marriage.

Being a native of the State, and with quite a sense of pride in the fact, he finally consented to undertake the contract, which he hoped to fill within a year, but it might take longer. As we read over the list to him, he said, as we came to the wolf: "You know, gentlemen, that animal is sacred with the Chippewas. I am afraid you must get some one else to fill that part."

"All right," the doctor said, laughingly; "if you get everything but the wolf, we will excuse you," never thinking but that Webster was joking.

We were there two weeks, and I became very intimate with him. Such a lovable character, with the strongest sense of appreciation of natural beauties; nothing was ever killed or trapped unnecessarily. The smaller animals in the vicinity seemed to be on the most intimate terms with him, but the little crossbeaks were his great favorites.

After my return to New York I wrote him, at his request, and several letters passed between us through his agents at Mackinaw, giving favorable accounts of his progress with the State contract, and other general items that would interest me. It was near the holidays when I saw in a Detroit paper that Webster was to be in Lansing that week with the last of his collection. I had planned to go home Christmas-time, so I started a few days earlier just to see him. Stopping off at Lansing, I found that we had arrived the same day. I soon hunted him up, and although he was glad to see me, I noticed a great change had come over him since we last met; he had grown thin, and looked haggard and sick. We walked over to Mr. Lathimer's quarters together, and there I saw for the first time his collection, which was a very fine one—bear, panther, wild-cat, otter, beaver, deer, and all the smaller animals. The panther he had captured and brought to Detroit alive, where it was carefully studied before being killed and mounted by the State taxidermist. It was a magnificent specimen of that powerful animal. I looked them all over with the greatest interest, but suddenly I noticed that there was no wolf. I called Webster's attention to the fact. He turned deadly pale, and reminded me in a nervous manner of the original contract, which I had forgotten. He began to feel so ill that he begged to be excused, as he must get back to the hotel. I accompanied him at his request, and I could see he was laboring under some great trouble. After we had got over there, and he had lain down and rested himself a little, he said:

"George, that talk about the wolf has quite unnerved me; and I must tell you something which is on my mind, and is killing me by inches. You know how strong the traditions of the Chippewas are. One of my mother's earliest lessons was, never under any circumstances to harm or interfere with a wolf. It seems that right in the pass where my cabin is built, a long while ago, six Chippewa braves, brothers, and the sons of one of our greatest chiefs, surnamed 'the Wolves' for their marvellous and ferocious fighting qualities, kept at bay some six hundred Algonquins who had surprised and attacked us, saving the remnant of our tribe, and destroying before they were killed some one hundred and fifty of the enemy. The story goes, as mother told me, that they, transformed to the animal they were called after, haunt the place, and are the guardian spirits of the Chippewas. At any rate, it has for years been the Mecca of our tribe, and the story has been told to me over and over again by old Indians who come there to worship. Mother's words as a boy made a great impression upon me, but my college life and Eastern associations of course qualified it a great deal. Nevertheless, I have never in any way interfered with wolves I have happened to come across, although several times at night they have been so near me I could hear the snapping of their teeth, and you will remember how I half declined having anything to do with that part of the contract which referred to wolves.

"One day last month I met a 'land-looker' a few miles from my camp. I had come across him once or twice before, and found him a quite decent fellow, but this time he had got hold of some whiskey at the lumber camp, and invited me to take a drink. You know the weakness of the Indian for fire-water. It is the curse of his race, and I inherit the taste, and have fought it all my life. I gave way this time, and drank with him till I was under its influence and not in my senses; in fact, I was too drunk to get to my cabin. I lay down by a tree, and went off to sleep, to be awakened soon after by the howling of some wolves, who were apparently in my immediate vicinity. I roused myself up, and right there within fifty feet of me was a pack of six beautiful black wolves, an animal, so far as I knew—never seen in this locality. Here was an opportunity of a lifetime. I would furnish the State with a specimen of a wolf that was supposed to be found only in regions much farther south. My mother's warning and the tradition of our tribe were forgotten in the excitement caused by drink and this unusual sight. Without a moment's hesitation I selected one of the largest and fired. He fell, and the pack disappeared. From that moment a great dread came upon me. I did not stop to secure the wolf, but hurried, trembling in every limb, to my cabin, feeling like an escaped convict. Do you know, from that day I have never known a moment's peace. What Chippewa Indians there are in the vicinity shun me as though I were a leper. The money I last sent up to Mackinaw for the support of some aged Indians was left in my cabin with a scathing note of refusal; and, George, even my little crossbeak friends refuse to come near me; and all this without any one knowing that I shot the wolf, although I did not attempt to conceal the fact. You see I am a sick man, and something tells me to go right back to my cabin."

I urged him to stay in Lansing a few days and consult a physician; that it was probably some nervous affection that had got him into this condition; that the killing of a wolf could not possibly in any way be the cause of all his troubles; that some other reason would be found for the supposed desertion by his Indian friends. In fact, I was convinced that he was laboring under some temporary delusion. But no; he must go, and at once.

I had hoped to pass Christmas eve with my parents, but I felt it my duty to go with him to his cabin until he felt better, and I could see he was anxious to have me go. The next afternoon at two o'clock we got off the cars at a station within eight miles of his camp, a new railroad having been opened up within the last six months. It was clear and cold, a deep fall of snow on the ground frozen hard. The trees were wrapped in an icy coating, which glittered in the sunshine. We started on foot for his cabin, and reached there towards sunset. Webster was completely exhausted, and I had almost to carry him into the cabin. After resting a few moments he said, as I was about to build up a fire, "George, take me outside a moment; the air oppresses me here." I put my arms around him and helped him to the door. It was well into the evening. All at once he said, pointing towards the woods, "Look! they have come for me!" Was it my imagination? There in the winter twilight, coming out of the frozen forest with a rush and a whirl, was a pack of five black wolves, whose ferocious glare as they looked towards Webster was terrible. I turned my face towards him: he lay dead in my arms, and an awful stillness came upon everything.

(Continued from first page.)

the sill, for there were no steps, and brushing the sawdust carefully from his clothes when he was inside. He went all over the house, climbing a ladder to the second story, and viewing with pride the two chambers under the slant of the new roof. He had repelled with scorn his father's suggestion that he have a one-story instead of a story and-a-half house. Caleb had an inordinate horror and fear of wind, and his father, who had built the house in which he lived, had it before him. Deborah often descanted indignantly upon the folly of sleeping in little tucked-up bedrooms instead of good chambers, because folks' fathers had been scared to death of wind, and Barnabas agreed with her. If he had inherited any of his father's and grandfather's terror of wind, he made no manifestation of it.

In the lower story of the new cottage were two square front rooms like those in his father's house, and behind them the great kitchen with a bedroom out of it, and a roof of its own.

Barnabas paused at last in the kitchen, and stood quite still, leaning against a window casement. The windows were not in, and the spaces let in the cool air and low light. Outside was a long reach of field sloping gently upward. In the distance, at the top of the hill, sharply outlined against the sky, was a black angle of roof and a great chimney. A thin column of smoke rose out of it, straight and dark. That was where Charlotte Barnard lived.

Barnabas looked out and saw the smoke rising from the chimney of the Barnard house. There was a little hollow in the field that was quite blue with violets, and he noted that absently. A team passed on the road outside; it was as if he saw and heard everything from the innermost recesses of his own life, and everything seemed strange and far off.

He turned to go, but suddenly stood still in the middle of the kitchen, as if some one had stopped him. He looked at the new fireless hearth, through the open door into the bedroom which he would occupy after he was married to Charlotte, and through others into the front rooms, which would be apartments of simple state, not so closely connected with every-day life. The kitchen windows would be sunny. Charlotte would think it a pleasant room.

"Her rocking-chair can set there," said Barnabas aloud. The tears came into his eyes, he stepped forward, laid his smooth boyish cheek against a partition wall of this new house, and kissed it. It was a fervent demonstration, not toward Charlotte alone, nor the joy to come to him within those walls, but to all life and love and nature, although he did not comprehend it. He half sobbed as he turned away, his thoughts seemed to dazzle his brain, and he could not feel his feet. He passed through the north front room, which would be the little-used parlor, to the door, and suddenly started at a long black shadow on the floor. It vanished as he went on, and might have been due to his excited fancy, which seemed substantial enough to cast shadows.

"I shall marry Charlotte, we shall live here together all our lives, and die here," thought Barnabas, as he went up the hill. "I shall lie in my coffin in the north room, and it will all be over," but his heart leapt with joy. He stepped out proudly like a soldier in a battalion, he threw back his shoulders in his Sunday coat.

The yellow glow was paling in the west, the evening air was like a cold breath in his face. He could see the firelight flickering upon the kitchen wall of the Barnard house as he drew near. He came up into the yard and caught a glimpse of a fair head in the ruddy glow. There was a knocker on the door; he raised it gingerly and let it fall. It made but a slight clatter, but a woman's shadow moved immediately across the yard outside, and Barnabas heard the inner door open. He threw open the outer one himself, and Charlotte stood there smiling, and softly decorous. Neither of them spoke. Barnabas glanced at the inner door to see if it were closed, then he caught Charlotte's hands and kissed her.

"You shouldn't do so, Barnabas," whispered Charlotte, turning her face away. She was as tall as Barnabas, and as handsome.

"Yes, I should," persisted Barnabas, all radiant, and his face pursued hers around her shoulder.

"It's pretty cold out, ain't it?" said Charlotte, in a chiding voice which she could scarcely control.

"I've been in to see our house. Give me one more kiss. Oh, Charlotte!"

"Charlotte!" cried a deep voice, and the lovers started apart.

"I'm coming, father," Charlotte cried out. She opened the door and went soberly into the kitchen, with Barnabas at her heels. Her father, mother, and Aunt Sylvia Crane sat there in the red gleam of the firelight and gathering twilight. Sylvia sat a little behind the others, and her face in her white cap had the shadowy delicacy of one of the flowering apple sprays outside.

"How d'ye do?" said Barnabas in a brave tone which was slightly aggressive. Charlotte's mother and aunt responded rather nervously.

"How's your mother, Barnabas?" inquired Mrs. Barnard.

"She's pretty well, thank you."

Charlotte pulled forward a chair for her lover; he had just seated himself, when Cephas Barnard spoke in a voice as sudden and gruff as a dog's bark. Barnabas started, and his chair grated on the sanded floor.

"Light the candle, Charlotte," said Cephas, and Charlotte obeyed. She lighted the candle on the high shelf, then she sat down next Barnabas. Cephas glanced around at them. He was a small man, with a thin face in a pale film of white locks and beard, but his black eyes gleamed out of it with sharp fixedness. Barnabas looked back at him unflinchingly, and there was a curious likeness between the two pairs of black eyes. Indeed, there had been years ago a somewhat close relationship between the Thayers and the Barnards, and it was not strange if one common note was repeated generations hence.

Cephas had been afraid lest Barnabas should, all unperceived in the dusk, hold his daughter's hand, or venture upon other loverlike familiarity. That was the reason why he had ordered the candle lighted when it was scarcely dark enough to warrant it.

But Barnabas seemed scarcely to glance at his sweetheart as he sat there beside her, although in some subtle fashion, perhaps by some finer spiritual vision, not a turn of her head, nor a fleeting expression on her face, like a wind of the soul, escaped him. He saw always Charlotte's beloved features high and pure, almost severe, but softened with youthful bloom, her head with fair hair plaited in a smooth circle, with one long curl behind each ear. Charlotte would scarcely have said he had noticed, but he knew well she had on a new gown of delaine in a mottled purple pattern, her worked muslin collar, and her mother's gold beads which she had given her.

Barnabas kept listening anxiously for the crackle of the hearth fire in the best room; he hoped Charlotte had lighted the fire, and they should soon go in there by themselves. They usually did of a Sunday night, but sometimes Cephas forbade his daughter to light the fire, and prohibited any solitary communion between the lovers.

"If Barnabas Thayer can't set here with the rest of us, he can go home," he proclaimed at times, and he had done so to-night. Charlotte had acquiesced forlornly; there was nothing else for her to do. Early in her childhood she had learned along with her primer her father's character, and the obligations it imposed upon her.

"You must be a good girl, and mind; it's your father's way," her mother used to tell her. Mrs. Barnard herself had spelt out her husband like a hard and seemingly cruel text in the Bible. She marvelled at its darkness in her light, but she believed in it reverently, and even pugnaciously.

The large, loosely built woman, with her heavy, sliding step, waxed fairly decisive, and her soft, meek-lidded eyes gleamed hard and prominent when her elder sister, Hannah, dared inveigh against Cephas.

"I tell you it is his way," said Sarah Barnard. And she said it as if "his way" was the way of the King.

"His way!" Hannah would sniff back. "His way! Keepin' you all on rye meal one spell, an' not lettin' you eat a mite of Injun, an' then keepin' you on Injun without a mite of rye! Makin' you eat nothin' but greens and garden stuff, an' jest turnin' you out to graze an' chew your cuds like horned animals one spell, an' then makin' you live on meat! Lettin' you go abroad when he takes a notion, an' then keepin' you an' Charlotte in the house a year!"

"It's his way, an' I ain't goin' to have anything said against it," Sarah Barnard would retort stanchly, and her sister would sniff back again. Charlotte was as loyal as her mother; she did not like it if even her lover intimated anything in disfavor of her father.

No matter how miserable she was in consequence of her acquiescence with her father's will, she sternly persisted.

To-night she knew that Barnabas was waiting impatiently for her signal to leave the rest of the company and go with her into the front room; there was also a tender involuntary impatience and longing in every nerve of her body, but nobody would have suspected it; she sat there as calmly as if Barnabas were old Squire Payne, who sometimes came in of a Sabbath evening, and seemed to be listening intently to her mother and her Aunt Sylvia talking about the spring cleaning.

Cephas and Barnabas were grimly silent. The young man suspected that Cephas had prohibited the front room; he was indignant about that, and the way in which Charlotte had been summoned in from the entry, and he had no diplomacy.

Charlotte, under her calm exterior, grew uneasy; she glanced at her mother, who glanced back. It was to both women as if they felt by some subtle sense the brewing of a tempest. Charlotte unobtrusively moved her chair a little nearer her lover's; her purple delaine skirt swept his knee; both of them blushed and trembled with Cephas's black eyes upon them.

Charlotte never knew quite how it begun, but her father suddenly flung out a dangerous topic like a long-argued bone of contention, and he and Barnabas were upon it. Barnabas was a Democrat, and Cephas was a Whig, and neither ever forgot it of the other. None of the women fairly understood the point at issue; it was as if they drew back their feminine skirts and listened amazed and trembling to this male hubbub over something outside their province. Charlotte grew paler and paler. She looked piteously at her mother.

"Now, father, don't," Sarah ventured once or twice, but it was like a sparrow piping against the north wind.

Charlotte laid her hand on her lover's arm and kept it there, but he did not seem to heed her. "Don't," she said; "don't, Barnabas. I think there's going to be a frost to-night; don't you?" But nobody heard her. Sylvia Crane, in the background, clutched the arms of her rocking-chair with her thin hands.

Suddenly both men began hurling insulting epithets at each other. Cephas sprang up, waving his right arm fiercely, and Barnabas shook off Charlotte's hand and was on his feet.

"Get out of here!" shouted Cephas, in a hoarse voice—"get out of here! Get out of this house, an' don't you ever darse darken these doors again while the Lord Almighty reigns!" The old man was almost inarticulate; he waved his arms, wagged his head, and stamped; he looked like a white blur with rage.

"I never will, by the Lord Almighty!" returned Barnabas, in an awful voice; then the door slammed after him. Charlotte sprang up.

"Set down!" shouted Cephas. Charlotte rushed forward. "You set down!" her father repeated; her mother caught hold of her dress.

"Charlotte, do set down," she whispered, glancing at her husband in terror. But Charlotte pulled her dress away.

"Don't you stop me, mother. I ain't going to have him turned out this way," she said. Her father advanced threateningly, but she set her strong shoulders against him and pushed past out of the door. The door was slammed to after her and the bolt shot, but she did not heed that. She ran across the yard, calling: "Barney! Barney! Barney! Come back!" Barnabas was already out in the road; he never turned his head, and kept on. Charlotte hurried after him. "Barney," she cried, her voice breaking with sobs—"Barney, do come back. You ain't mad at me, are you?" Barney never turned his head; the distance between them widened as Charlotte followed, calling. She stopped suddenly, and stood watching her lover's dim retreating back, straining with his rapid strides.

"Barney Thayer," she called out, in an angry, imperious tone, "if you're ever coming back, you come now!"

But Barney kept on as if he did not hear. Charlotte gasped for breath as she watched him; she could scarcely help her feet running after him, but she would not follow him any further. She did not call him again; in a minute she turned around and went back to the house, holding her head high in the dim light.

She did not try to open the door; she was sure it was locked, and she was too proud. She sat down on the flat cool door-stone, and remained there as dusky and motionless against the old gray panel of the door as the shadow of some inanimate object that had never moved.

The wind began to rise, and at the same time the full moon, impelled softly upward by force as unseen as thought, Charlotte's fair head gleamed out abruptly in the moonlight like a pale flower, but the folds of her mottled purple skirt were as vaguely dark as the foliage on the lilac-bush beside her. All at once the flowering branches on a wide-spreading apple-tree cut the gloom like great silvery wings of a brooding bird. The grass in the yard was like a shaggy silver fleece. Charlotte paid no more attention to it all than to her own breath, or a clock tick which she would have to withdraw from herself to hear.

A low voice, which was scarcely more than a whisper, called her, a slender figure twisted itself around the front corner of the house like a vine. "Charlotte, you there?" Charlotte did not hear. Then the whisper came again, "Charlotte!"

Charlotte looked around then.

A slender white hand reached out in the gloom around the corner and beckoned. "Charlotte, come; come quick."

Charlotte did not stir.

"Charlotte, do come. Your mother's dreadful afraid you'll catch cold. The front door is open."

Charlotte sat quite rigid. The slender figure begun moving toward her stealthily, keeping close to the house, advancing with frequent pauses like a wary bird. When she got close to Charlotte she reached down and touched her shoulder timidly. "Oh, Charlotte, don't you feel bad? He'd ought to know your father by this time; he'll get over it and come back," she whispered.

"I don't want him to come back," Charlotte whispered fiercely in return.

Sylvia stared at her helplessly. Charlotte's face looked strange and hard in the moonlight. "Your mother's dreadful worried," she whispered again, presently. "She thinks you'll catch cold. I come out of the front door on purpose so you can go in that way. Your father's asleep in his chair. He told your mother not to unbolt this door to-night, and she didn't darse to. But we went past him real still to the front one, an' you can slip in there and get up to your chamber without his seeing you. Oh, Charlotte, do come!"

Charlotte arose, and she and Sylvia went around to the front door. Sylvia crept close to the house as before, but Charlotte walked boldly along in the moonlight. "Charlotte, I'm dreadful afraid he'll see you," Sylvia pleaded, but Charlotte would not change her course.

Just as they reached the front door it was slammed with a quick puff of wind in their faces. They heard Mrs. Barnard's voice calling piteously. "Oh, father, do let her in!" it implored.

"Don't you worry, mother," Charlotte called out. "I'll go home with Aunt Sylvia."

"Oh, Charlotte!" her mother's voice broke, in sobs.

"Don't you worry, mother," Charlotte repeated, with an unrelenting tone in the comforting words. "I'll go right home with Aunt Sylvia. Come," she said imperatively to her aunt, "I ain't going to stand here any longer," and she went out into the road, and hastened down it, as Barnabas had done.

"I'll take her right home with me," Sylvia called to her sister in a trembling voice. Nobody knew how afraid she was of Cephas; and she followed Charlotte.

Sylvia lived on an old road that led from the main one a short distance beyond the new house, so the way led past it. Charlotte went on at such a pace that Sylvia could scarcely keep up with her. She slid along in her wake, panting softly, and lifting her skirts out of the evening dew. She was trembling with sympathy for Charlotte, and she had also a worry of her own. When they reached the new house she fairly sobbed outright, but Charlotte went past in her stately haste without a murmur.

"Oh, Charlotte, don't feel so bad," mourned her aunt. "I know it will all come right." But Charlotte made no reply. Her dusky skirts swept around the bushes at the corner of the road, and Sylvia hurried tremulously after her.

Neither of them dreamed that Barnabas watched them, standing in one of the front rooms of his new house. He had gone in there when he fled from Cephas Barnard's, and had not yet been home. He recognized Charlotte's motions as quickly as her face, and knew Sylvia's voice, although he could not distinguish what she said. He watched them turn the corner of the other road, and thought that Charlotte was going to spend the night with her aunt. He did not dream why he had resolved to stay where he was in his desolate new house, and not go home himself.

A great grief and resentment against the whole world and life itself swelled high within him. It was as if he lost sight of individual antagonists, and burned to dash life itself in the face because he existed. The state of happiness so exalted that it became almost holiness, in which he had been that very night, flung him to lower depths when it was retroverted. He had gone back to first causes in the one and he did the same in the other; his joy had reached out into eternity, and so did his misery. His natural religious bent, inherited from generations of Puritans, and kept in its channel by his training from infancy, made it impossible for him to conceive of sympathy or antagonism in its fullest sense apart from God.

Sitting on a pile of shavings in a corner of the north room, he fairly hugged himself with fierce partisanship. "What have I done to be treated in this way?" he demanded, setting his face ahead in the darkness; and he did not see Cephas Barnard's threatening countenance, but another, gigantic with its vague outlines, which his fancy could not limit, confronting him with terrible negative power like a stone image. He struck out against it, and the blows fell back on his own heart.

"What have I done?" he demanded over and over of this great immovable and silent consciousness which he realized before him. "Have I not kept all thy commandments from childhood? Have I ever failed to praise thee as the giver of my happiness, and ask thy blessing upon it? What have I done that it should be taken away? It was given to me only to be taken away. Why was it given to me, then, that I might be mocked? Oh, I am mocked, I am mocked!" he cried out, in a great rage, and he struck out in the darkness, and his heart leapt with futile pain. The possibility that his misery might not be final never occurred to him. It never occurred to him that he could enter Cephas Barnard's house again, ask his pardon, and marry Charlotte. It seemed to him settled and inevitable; he could not grasp any choice in the matter.

Barnabas finally threw himself back on the pile of shavings, and lay there sullenly. Great gusts of cold wind came in at the windows at intervals, a loose board somewhere in the house rattled, the trees outside murmured heavily.

"There won't be a frost," Barnabas thought, his mind going apace on its old routine in spite of its turmoil. Then he thought with the force of an oath that he did not care if there was a frost. All the trees this spring had blossomed only for him and Charlotte; now there was no longer any use in that; let the blossoms blast and fall!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEDERAL INHERITANCE TAX.

BY SIDNEY WEBSTER.

ADAM SMITH has somewhere said that there is no art which one government sooner learns of another than that of draining money from the pockets of the people. That imitative tendency, as well as an inventive faculty in the same direction, is naturally intensified when, as is now the condition of the Federal government, thanks to the doings of the Fifty-first Congress, the country is confronted with a deficit of twenty-eight millions. When President Cleveland urged in an annual message to Congress a reduction of the *sum* of custom taxes, the government was face to face with a surplus, and surplus taxation is always unjust taxation. A rearrangement of tariff schedules was then demanded in order to diminish the total sum, but now reduced rates are necessary in order to increase the sum. The McKinley law impedes importations by excessive rates on dutiable articles. It reduced the sum of revenue nearly one-third by putting raw sugar on the free list. The result of Treasury silver-purchasing, and excessive expenditures authorized by the Fifty-first Congress, have, in association with the workings of the schedules of the McKinley law, banished the Treasury surplus, and set on foot a variety of spontaneous schemes to restore a favorable balance of revenue. Congress is urged to tax this and to tax that, as if the only problem to be solved were a successful draining of the pockets of the people, without regard to the traditions of our country, the variety of governments under which we live, each with taxing powers, the injustice of double taxation, and the intricate complexity of considerations, constitutional, political, and economical, productional and distributional, which should have weight in the selection of taxes.

There may be here and there in our own country that which Lord Castlereagh, when complaining of England's repeal in 1816 of the income tax, described as an "ignorant impatience of taxation," but there may be at the same time not a little of what Mr. Gladstone spoke of in 1860 as "ignorant patience of taxation."

If a body of office-holders has supreme power over all the wealth of a country so rich as is the United States, any one's wit can extract money enough from that wealth to maintain the government if no regard is had for equality, certainty, convenience, and economy in taxing. A tax that is expedient and endurable in Prussia, France, Switzerland, England, or Turkey may be very inexpedient and unendurable in a relatively new country like the United States, where the best of its sons are not during early manhood taxed by compulsory service of three, or seven, years in the army, and where everything does not pivot on colossal armaments. If we in the United States are to imitate a German or an English system of taxation, we ought to consider the political and economic theory of each, and especially the English plan, which, under Peel and Gladstone, aimed, by abstaining from all protective custom taxes, to obtain needed revenues with least injury to trade, and in the near future make England a free port excepting for spirits and tobacco.

The expediency of a progressing income tax, or a progressing inheritance tax, of which so much is now heard, is more or less defensible according somewhat to whether the tax is to be imposed by the respective governments of the several States, or, in a time of profound peace, by the government at Washington, and also whether or not those taxes are, as "direct taxes," to be by Congress apportioned among the States according to population.

Those of us who are Democrats ought to keep in mind, if we insist on an unbroken continuity of our party throughout the present century, that we are constrained by the wisdom of Jefferson and Madison, and by the utterances of our party platforms down to recent days, to confine the Federal government in time of peace to "indirect taxes" levied on articles of consumption. And they who adhere to the teachings of Hamilton should not forget his admonitions in the thirty-fourth paper of *The Federalist*, that clashing, or repugnancy, of authority in taxation between the Federal government and the several State governments is to be avoided by abstinence on the part of the former from taxing those objects to which the States may first have had recourse. The States and their minor divisions have now to defray quite two-thirds of the expenditures for the government of the country.

With an inheritance tax, our several governments, State and Federal, have in one form or another had more experience than with an income tax.

What is generally meant by an "Inheritance Tax" is a tax on the transfer of the title to any property—real, personal, or mixed—either by the owner's last will and testament, or by the laws of descent. Mr. Gladstone put the grim name of "death duties" on the intricate system, embracing five distinct but analogous taxes, then in operation in England. One is "Probate" tax, which is really a stamp tax on the affidavit, or inventory, required before the issue of letters of administration on the estate of a deceased person. Another is the "Account" tax, to re-enforce the former, and to prevent the evasion of it by gifts during life unless made a year before death. A third is a "Legacy" tax, payable out of personalty coming to a legatee, or heir. The fourth is a "Succession" tax, imposed by Mr. Gladstone in 1853, and applicable to land as the "Legacy" tax is to personalty. The fifth is an "Estate" tax, invented by Mr. Goschen in 1889, and increasing the progressive character of all death taxes. Under all of them Great Britain levied in 1892 as follows:

Probate and account tax	£5,622,374
Legacy tax	2,828,162
Succession tax	1,200,347
Estate tax on personalty	1,304,080
Estate tax on realty	98,640
Total	£11,053,603

The experts, economists, and specialists who have advocated, or now advocate, what is popularly known in this country as an "Inheritance Tax," get hopelessly "by the ears" when attempting to describe the nature, purpose, and justification of the exaction. Many, and they the larger number, vindicate the assessment as a socialistic contrivance to enlarge escheat to the State, and so limit inheritances, and redistribute wealth. The contention is that the State is a co-heir. Others regard the exactment as a fee paid to the State to maintain probate courts, and for the right to receive the property of one's father or mother. Others look on the requirement as a tax pure and simple, levied according to one's faculty, or ability, to contribute to governmental expenditures. One conception is that the "Inheritance Tax" is a good device to collect evaded taxes after the evader is dead; another is that the contrivance may be sustained as a way to get taxes never imposed, but which should have been imposed, or to tax an heir or devisee in advance. Another argument is that the tax is supplementary to an income tax, an increased income tax, catching the heir, or devisee, when he is happy to divide with the State.

Whichever theory may be most defensible, or indefensible, the Federal government can vindicate but one, and that is tax, pure and simple! Congress cannot prescribe what shall be a valid will in New York, or regulate New York laws of descent, or New York inheritances. The Federal government has no probate courts to maintain. Congress cannot constitutionally redistribute property in New York.

The government at Washington did, at the end of the last century, enact under Federalist auspices a law levying a tax on personalty received by legacy or descent, and a stamp tax on an inventory of the estate of one dead, but when the Democrats came to power with Jefferson they quickly repealed it in 1802. During the war of 1812 nobody ventured to propose, or reimpose, such a tax, or to inflict an inheritance tax. A "Legacy" tax did, however, arrive in 1862, together with stamp taxes on a probate of a will and the issue of letters by a State court. In 1864 came an increase of the "Legacy" tax, and a "Succession" tax on land. Up to 1866 evasion made the new taxes almost unproductive. They yielded in that year only some half-million of dollars. The terror of fines, penalties, and confiscations increased the sum, however, so that in 1870, the last year of the tax, it yielded thus:

Legacy	$1,672,582 93
Succession	1,419,242 57
	$3,091,825 50

The constitutionality of the Federal "Succession" tax came before the Supreme Court in 1874, which decided it was not a "direct tax," but an impost or excise—an indirect tax. The court conceded that a tax on land is a "direct tax," and endeavored this discrimination:

> "The succession or devolution of the real estate is the subject matter of the tax or duty, or, in other words, it is the right to become the successor of real estate upon the death of the predecessor; . . . nor is the question affected in the least by the fact that the tax or duty is made a lien upon the land, as the lien is merely an appropriate regulation to secure the collection of the exaction."

But in Strode's case, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court said the fact that the tax was a lien on the land made it a tax on the land, and a "direct tax."

Our Federal Constitution having given to Congress no right, or discretion, to promote socialism by taxes, the Federal court was driven to adjudge the "Succession" exaction to be an excise, inasmuch as it was not a customs duty or impost. There is probably not an economist from the cave of the magnet to the southern cross who will affirm that an "Inheritance Tax" is not a "direct" tax.

Several of the States of the Union have had experience of such a tax. Pennsylvania began in 1826 for the benefit of an internal improvement fund. Twenty States of the Union have had to do with inheritance taxes, or probate taxes, and in three States one or the other of the taxes has, by the judicial power, been pronounced unconstitutional. Mr. Max West, in a careful monograph filled with interesting data, has collected information in regard to each State. Louisiana enacted a law in 1828 taxing only foreign heirs, but repealed it in 1877. Virginia made a collateral inheritance tax in 1844, and rejected it in 1884. Maryland keeps hers, enacted in 1845, but the product is small. North Carolina discarded in 1874 the tax inflicted in 1847. Alabama repealed in 1868 her legacy tax of 1848. Delaware holds on to hers. Wisconsin has declared unconstitutional her county probate tax of 1858, and so has Minnesota denounced hers in like manner. New Hampshire has had hers swept aside by her Supreme Court because in violation of her fundamental law. Illinois retains her county probate fees. New York keeps her very recent inheritance tax on personalty. West Virginia has not yet abandoned her legislation of 1887, despite its meagre product. Connecticut is with difficulty holding on to hers of 1889. Massachusetts is struggling with resentments against the modern tax. Tennessee, New Jersey, Ohio, Maine, and California are yet trying the experiment. In Vermont, where there are probate fees, the Senate defeated in 1892 a collateral inheritance tax which had passed the House, and in Nebraska has been proposed a progressive inheritance tax. Kentucky has escaped the experiment.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin the taxes were vindicated as probate fees, and payment was by the law made a condition of settling an estate. The courts said the exaction was a tax. In Minnesota, Mr. West says the court declared: "The act violated a clause in the bill of rights to the effect that every person 'ought to obtain justice freely, and without purchase; completely, and without denial; promptly, and without delay, conformably to the laws. Suitors in this [probate] court of exclusive jurisdiction should not be required to pay, as a condition to their suits being entertained, a tax measured by the value of the property, and without regard to the nature or extent of the judicial proceedings which may be invoked or become necessary.'" He adds that it was held that the act violated the rule of equality of taxation by the exemption of small estates and by an arbitrary and unequal schedule. In the Wisconsin case the tax was declared unconstitutional, primarily because it applied only to one county; yet the court intimated that it might have been nullified either as a tax on judicial procedure, as double taxation, or as unequal because of the exemption of small estates. The court distinguished between this tax, which it regarded as a tax upon the property constituting the estate, and a succession tax upon the transmission of the property.

The New York "Inheritance Law" was before its Court of Appeals in 1887, and it was adjudged:

> "If this be regarded as a tax upon property, then it is free from constitutional objection, *if it be equally imposed and properly apportioned upon all the property of the class to which it belongs.*"

In the last nineteen words of that sentence is a test which the tax has yet to undergo.

In many important aspects of an inheritance tax the case of all the cases in any of our courts which best deserves study is that of Curry *vs.* Spencer (61, New Hampshire 624). The briefs of counsel were thorough and vigorous. The opinion of the court is clear, concise, and comprehensive. It evaded nothing it ought to encounter. The New York Court of Appeals (104, N. Y. 306) did not say whether the inheritance tax was a tax on property or its devolution (the new law of 1892 declares the tax shall be imposed on "the *transfer* of any property"), nor did the court adjudge whether or not the tax was "equally imposed and properly proportioned." The decisions in several other States went off on the plea that the tax was not on property, but on a civil privilege. The North Carolina court said distinctly in reply to the objection that the tax was not uniform and valid, that "if a tax on property," the "objection would be irresistible." The Virginia court got rid of the uniformity difficulty by classing the tax as a tax on a "privilege" of inheritance, wherein the Constitution of the State did not, in expressed terms, require equality. The New Hampshire case did not quibble over different variety of taxes. The condemned statute was entitled, "*An act to defray the costs of Probate Courts.*" The enactment declared:

> "All estates settled in probate courts of this State, and (2) all transfers of property from the dead to the living, by gift, bequest, or devise, and (3) every succession made under the laws of this State, regulating the distributing of intestate estates, exclusive of the just indebtedness of each and all of said estates, shall pay one per cent. on the value of said estates. . . . *Provided*, that all legacies, or property, passing by will, or by the laws of this State, to husband, or wife, children, or grandchildren, of the person who died possessed as aforesaid, shall be exempt from the tax, or duty."

The court conceded that the Legislature could tax all estates in the Probate Court, all transfers, and every succession, if it obeyed the rules prescribed by the State Constitution, which limited the legislative taxing power to "proportional and reasonable assessments, rates, and taxes upon all the inhabitants and residents within the said State, and upon the estates within the same." The New Hampshire Bill of Rights declared every inhabitant to be bound to contribute "his share."

New Hampshire had thus carefully put into her Constitution a command which should always control all legislators. Secretary Carlisle, in his recent Treasury report, has emphasized the obligation of Congress to enforce "equality in the distribution of the burdens of taxation."

The New Hampshire court begins with the democratic proposition that "*his share*" cannot be "more that his *proportional* share of the common burden," and therefore it is immaterial whether the exaction is a tax on property, or on a privilege, because all exactions must be equal and proportional. The requirement cannot be evaded, or qualified, by pretended good purposes, or by pleas of expediency, or such socialistic considerations as restraining the power of devise, or redistributing wealth, or preventing the existence of great estates, or because an heir, or devisee, takes by what Secretary Carlisle describes as "operation of law, or a gratuitous bequest." If the probate courts are to be supported by taxes on the estates therein adjudicated, the taxes, says the court, must be "proportional," and each share "just." One class of persons cannot be punished and another unpunished. Relatives cannot be exempted and collaterals taxed. Husband, wife, children, and grandchildren cannot be let off with one per cent., and all others made to pay five times as much. The fact that the tax was invented by the Emperor Augustus, A.D. 6, cannot change, or modify, the law of New Hampshire or control the court. At the end of considerations like those, the court adjudged that "under the reservations of the bill of rights and the limitations of the Constitution, [the inheritance tax] is plainly founded upon pure inequality, and is simply *extortion in the name of taxation*; and it can therefore never be sustained in this jurisdiction, so long as equality and justice continue to be the basis of constitutional taxation."

How can any "inheritance tax," levying rates on an estate in a probate court, or on a transfer of that estate by will, or statutes of distribution, which rates vary according to persons taking the estate, escape that "great condemnation" by one of the ablest and most conscientious judicial tribunals in the Union?

The double taxing inflicted by inheritance-tax laws is already felt to be a very serious matter. Three States tax the transfer of all property, wherever situated, if owned by the deceased. In regard to real estate, the difficulty is insuperable. As to personalty it is less, because personalty in theory follows the domicile of the owner, but yet there may be duplicate if not double taxing. If New York taxes all personalty situated in New Jersey of a deceased New-Yorker, and New Jersey also taxes it because in her jurisdiction, and by the same percentage, it will be twice taxed, and then if Congress taxes it there will be triple taxing.

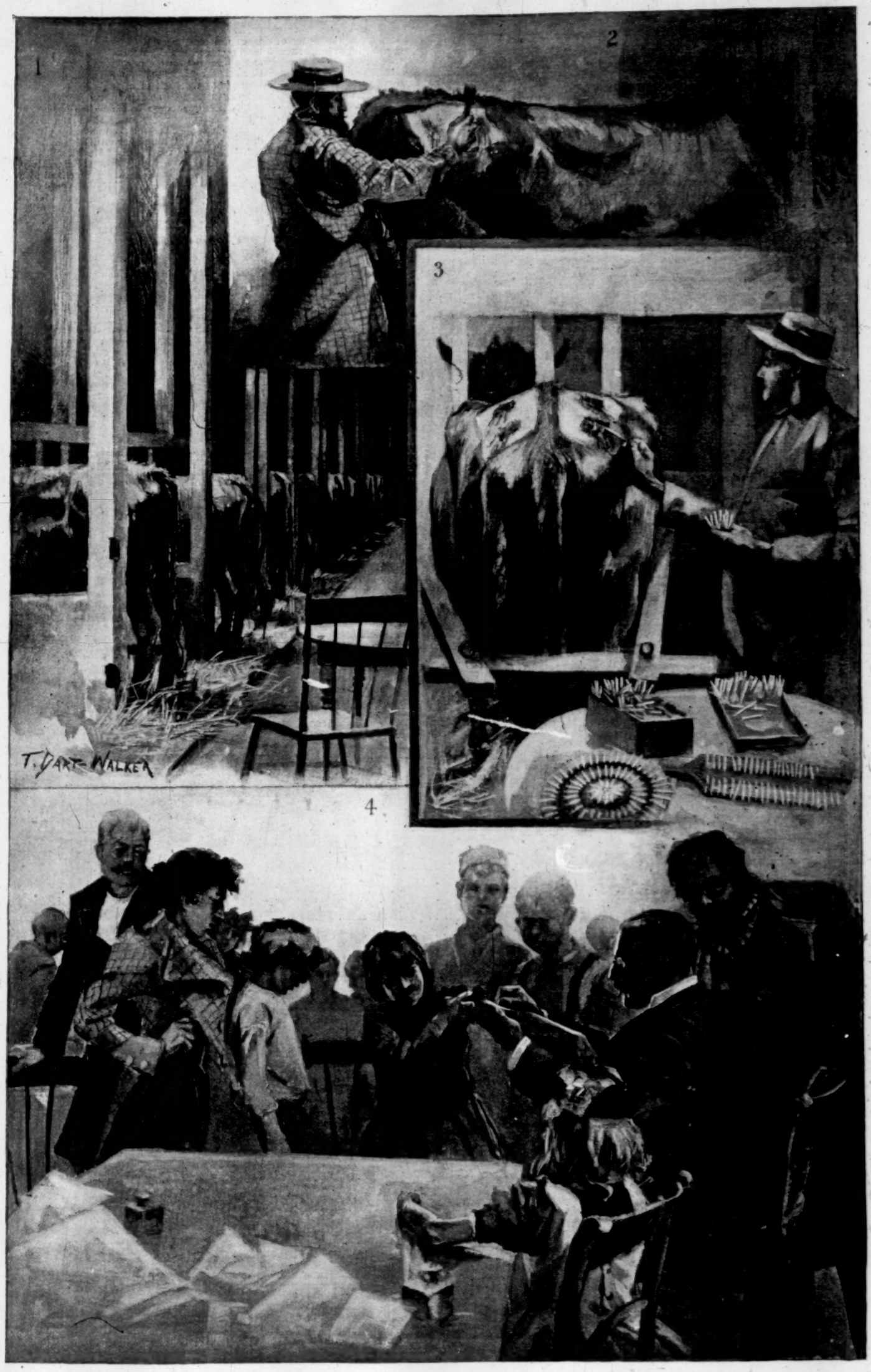
The New York inheritance tax began in 1885, was modified in 1891, and recast in 1892, when there was an earnest effort to extend it to realty and to make it progressive. Relatives must pay one per cent. on all *personal* estates over $10,000, but all others must pay five per cent. on over $500, excepting bishops and certain religious, charitable, and educational corporations. The commissions of the New York City Comptroller are now, under the law, over $10,000 a year. In 1892 they were $11,390 78. Everything is done in New York by the Surrogate and the officials to make the levy of the tax as convenient as can be, but yet all the personalty of the deceased must be appraised by the Surrogate's appraiser—every bottle of wine, each book, and bit of jewelry, of bric-à-brac and silver, all articles of clothing or furniture, every heirloom, and all personalty of every sort. The requirement is the same as in the mediæval and absurd "general property tax" of the State, which now is not, never has been, and cannot be enforced and faithfully applied. To ferret out and value annually every article of one's stock in trade and personalty in this city and tax it would breed a riot. No more, under the inheritance tax, can everything be in detail seen, inspected, inventoried, appraised. There are estates that would require months for appraisement. The valuation must be a guess. Up to the end of the fiscal year 1892, the largest amounts received were, says Mr. West, paid by the following estates:

Cornelia M. Stewart	$300,410 32
Henrietta A. Lenox	234,126 90
Samuel J. Tilden	147,283 00
Daniel Fayerweather	114,788 50
William H. Vanderbilt	81,011 55

The sum of the New York tax was in 1892 $1,786,318 47, or a third of all State taxes. Oddly enough, the size of the tax is pointed out as its merit.

The tax is vexing and socialistic enough as it is, and very severe in cases of deaths in the same family rapidly following one another, but what will it be if the government at Washington shall come in with its appraisers and its gatherers of death taxes pursuing custom-house methods in the houses of the dead?

AMONG THE NEW YORK POOR.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.—[See Page 10.]



SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK "VIRUS FARM."—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 10.]

1. The "Farm." 2. Dr. Pardee inoculating a healthy Heifer. 3. Gathering the "Crop." 4. Vaccinating Applicants at the "Farm."

WORK—NOT ALMS.

WHAT! charity? No, thank you, sir!
I haven't come to that!
I'm poor—in want—but I'm not here
A-holding out my hat.
I've two good arms, a willing strength—
I'm not the man to shirk.
I don't ask alms, sir. All I want
Is just a chance to work.

I'm not a beggar, sir, thank God!
I only ask my right—
A chance to earn what I and mine
Require, and in the sight
Of fellow-men to be a man,
And hold my head up straight,
Whose child your child, sir, could not scorn
As an associate.

My wife and child need food and warmth—
And I can give them all
They need, with work—and help, as well,
At any neighbor's call.
But idle hands are helpless, sir,
And so I ask of you
A chance to show what mine are worth—
Some honest work to do.

I'm only one of thousands—and
We are not beggars, sir!
We're just as willing now to work
As good men ever were.
Don't treat us, sir, like mendicants
Whom you would fain avoid,
But give, for God's sake, if you can,
Work for the unemployed!

WILLIAM H. HILLS.

SUCCOR FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE silence of distress is more tragic than its loudest clamor. This is, indeed, the winter, the bitter winter, of our discontent. Such a season has not been known in this city or throughout the land in the present generation. Everywhere is pinching poverty, gaunt hunger, physical and mental anguish, brooding despair. An army of the unemployed is worse than an army of invaders. Such an army is now intrenched in all the poorer districts of New York. Its baleful shadow extends throughout the municipal limits, hangs heavy and black on sumptuous homes, on handsome avenues, from which not a glimpse of the wide destitution and intense suffering is visible. The well-to-do, the prosperous, may shut these out from their eyes, but not from their hearts, where they must speedily come as tormenting reminders of neglected opportunity to do good.

Much as has been said lately in the public prints of the dire need and misery, of the actual starving and unsheltered-ness, in and about Manhattan Island, it is doubtful if the more fortunate of our citizens have actually realized it, so easy is it in the midst of comfort and serenity to ignore the wretchedness and agony that reach the ear only by faint echoes. But they are here, nevertheless, menacing, awful, irremovable but by combined effort and concerted aid.

The solution of the painful problem of to-day is not through mere charity—charity of the common kind. Not a few may think it the ordinary condition of a great capital in any winter, when the idle, the improvident, the dishonest, the debauched are, as usual, without means, and driven to beggary and disorder. It is a broader, deeper, more terrible condition, which, happily, occurs at long intervals alone. It has its origin mainly in lack of employment. Despite the eagerness of industrious, upright, self-respecting multitudes to earn food and clothing for wives, children, and themselves, employment cannot be had; it does not exist.

This is what makes it so inexpressibly sorrowful. Most of the beggars in the metropolis at this hour are beggars for work, and beggars in vain. Nothing can be more afflictive, more crushing, more destructive of manliness, than anxiety for labor and inability to get it. That is the nadir of adversity, the lowest depth of mortification. It more than ruins life—it ruins the spirit to live.

Fully one hundred thousand of the unemployed, it is estimated, are now stranded and suffering here, not counting the thousands—tramps, drunkards, criminals—always here, who will never work while they can beg or steal. This unorganized, scattering, despondent host has been and continues patient amid all their stress. They have attacked neither property nor life. Their subordination, their tranquillity, is touching; it stamps them as faithful and conscientious. No stain of anarchy is on them. The worst they can be accused of is their solicitude for work despite its constant refusal.

These pitiable people need help from all who can help them, with much or little. There are so many, and they are so utterly destitute. Nobody need fear their pauperization—a fear that is always sounded. They are not paupers, nor in danger of becoming such, unless assistance be too long withheld. They have been terrible strugglers for existence, and existence is deserting them, because they are denied the privilege to struggle further. Again let it be said, they need help from every quarter, and he who gives quickest gives best.

Charity, benevolence, generosity, humanity (call it what you will), of the customary sort, will not answer. A hundred thousand human creatures on the eve of perishing for want of food and fire and raiment, in a vast and most opulent city, in a great democracy, is a strange and startling spectacle. A crime so monstrous, an anomaly so unprecedented, cannot be, least of all in the Western world, in the broad, ever-growing republic, where a man can always prove himself to be a man.

The whole city, every class, is beginning to be moved. But only the first steps have been taken; all the others will be in due time. Meanwhile, every New-Yorker, sound in body and estate, should appoint himself on a private committee to relieve the distressed so far as he may. The distress is not merely to-day or to-morrow, this week or next week. It seems likely to continue through and beyond the winter; for business of every kind is still exceeding dull all over the country and must be slow to revive. A brighter period cannot be far off (depression never lasts in this young, hopeful land), but it is hard to tell when it will arrive.

The West, the South, are for the present as inanimate as the East. Other cities are more nearly stagnant than New York, where there is more suffering simply because there are more people to suffer. Prosperity appears to be very gradually coming back; but in the interim the army of compulsory idlers must be sustained, and with as small harm as may be to their native independence.

Whoever has food, fuel, clothes, should contribute them; whoever has money should contribute that. Everything that can be given will help the good cause, and strengthen the bond—more and more desired as the world ages—between man and man. No worthy citizen should rest content without furnishing what he may to the common fund. He who bestows his obolus in the proper spirit is as liberal as he who bestows his talent—a truth as clear now as in the era of ancient Rome. All offerings are honorable in that they convey compassion for the misfortunes of our fellows.

The prospects for relief are cheering. Individuals and organizations, committees and sub-committees, policemen and officials, political, social, charitable clubs, are actively engaged all over town in collecting, assorting, and distributing the necessary articles. Money is coming in, and much more will come—a vast amount is needed—for weeks and months, to alleviate the widespread distress.

Great care is observed to prevent money from getting out of its proper channels, or into the hands of vagabonds, tipplers, unscrupulous characters. These are zealously watched by the police, and hindered from appropriating what has been gathered for the meritorious poor. The entire system of distribution and relief is in excellent hands; it is ably and conscientiously managed, and doubtless will be to the end.

Few persons who have not had repeated experience among the very poor in this and other big cities have any conception how great the destitution is, and how depressing the influence at the outset. Only the consciousness of duty, the hope of helping humanity, keep one at one's post. The present effort to succor the host of the unemployed is much harder and more saddening than any similar effort has been for many years. They are not tramps or mendicants, it should be recalled. They are not hardened to or expectant of alms; nor would they receive assistance from any source if they could earn wages, however small.

One who is with them daily often hears them say, with bitter emotion: "If I could only get work!" "This is the first time I've taken anything." "I never expected this." "It's hard, hard, hard!" "This kind of thing cuts a man down." "The bread of charity almost chokes me."

Poor men and women! what they have endured has punished their pride as severely as their bodies. Their cheeks are hollow, their eyes lustreless, from brooding as well as hunger. They are such pictures of want and pain as cannot be transferred to canvas. And yet they are but half-living realities, wasted as they are with exposure and privation. Some of them look as if they had been suddenly expelled from the hospital to die in the street. They can scarcely walk or stand upright from weakness, and hopelessness is imprinted on their faces.

If the unemployed were all men, they would appear less forlorn. But there are likewise thousands of women and little folk, most of them wives and children of the stranded. It would always seem that the poorer the man, the richer he is in offspring.

Many of these children look prematurely old, hard, dry, as if they had never tasted wholesome milk. The smallest are piteous, with their unsteady eyes, drawn mouths, scrawny, half-clad limbs. For any parent enjoying decent comfort to see these should compel charity. He, or she, would be so touched by the thought of his or her own darlings in such circumstances as to seek mental relief in giving. New-Yorkers only need to realize the distressing facts in order to be bountiful.

The present spectacle of feeding and clothing the needy, the truly unfortunate, is inspiring. It reveals humanity at its best. It gives us a higher opinion of our kind. Such generous assistance as is extending now to the unemployed tends to weld class with class; and this is the strength and hope of the republic.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

ONE OF THE NAMELESS GREAT.

I KNEW a man who died in days of yore,
To whom no monument is like to rise;
And yet there never lived a mortal more
Deserving of a shaft to pierce the skies.

His chiefest wish strong friendships was to make;
He cared but little for this poor world's pelf;
He shared his joys with every one who'd take,
And kept his sorrows strictly to himself.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE VIRUS FARM OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH.

AGRICULTURE being for the most part a rural occupation, it seems rather anomalous that a city Board of Health should have a farm. It is still more surprising to learn that this farm is located in the depths of the metropolis, where land is measured by feet instead of acres. But this particular farm does not consist of land. Its surface, as might be expected of a city farm, is the floor of a building; and it is the upper story of the building at that. Its entire area is comprised within four not very expansive walls. In short, to casual observation this paradoxical farm seems to be merely a long narrow room, chiefly occupied by a row of stalls, in which a dozen cows are very comfortably stanchioned. An unimaginative visitor might be disposed to deny that it is a farm at all. Nevertheless, it merits the title; for here, despite the dearth of land, a very unusual soil is cultivated, and a very peculiar crop is produced. The crop, though a valuable one and produced in abundance, can be neither weighed nor measured. The "soil" is a small space on the back of each of the cows.

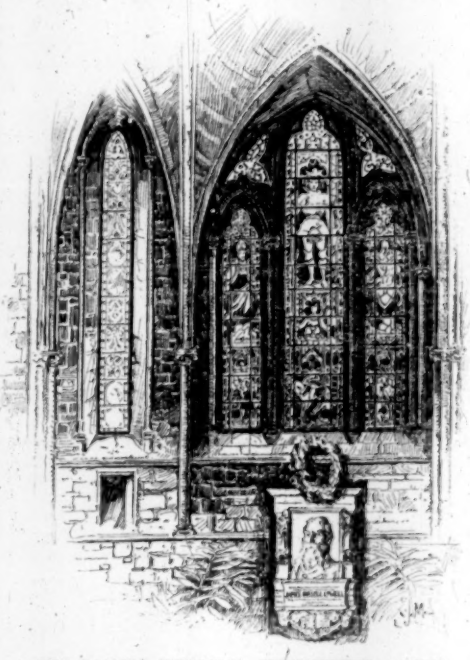
The person who conducts this unique establishment has taken a degree at a medical college, from which it may be correctly inferred that this particular kind of farmer requires no little skill. Yet the processes involved are seemingly rather simple. The hair having been shaved from the sides of a cow's rump, the operator proceeds to scarify four spaces, each about two inches square, on the shaved areas, and to rub these abraded surfaces with an implement which looks like a small bone paper-cutter, but which is very appropriately termed a "spade." This accomplished, the first stage of agriculture—the sowing—is complete; for the "spade" has conveyed to the soil the "seed" from which the unique crop is to develop. Speaking unagriculturally, the cow has been vaccinated.

Nothing more is required on the part of the operator for something over a week, when, if all has gone well, an abundant exudate of clear lymph will be found on the abraded surfaces. This lymph is pure vaccine virus, and it constitutes the mature crop of this virus farm. When it has been removed by touching its surface with goose-quills especially prepared for the purpose the harvest is over. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred quills are thus charged with virus from the back of a single heifer. Each of these is subsequently cut into four pieces, known as "vaccination points." So the cow who has loaned her back for this useful service might reflect, were she given to such divertisement, that she has become the benefactor of some thousands of children, who through her mediation and that of the vaccinating corps of the Board of Health will be given immunity from small-pox. She might moralize, also, as she walks out of the farm door and down the inclined plane that leads back to the abattoir from which she was borrowed for the occasion, on the ingratitude of mankind in failing to pension her for life in a pasture after so signal a service—but fortunately cows are not given to moralizing.

The advantages of this bovine virus over "humanized" virus are the comparative ease with which it may be obtained in quantity, and its innocuousness as regards the transmission of any other disease than vaccinia. The one reasonable objection to vaccination as first practised by Jenner and his followers was that in transferring virus from arm to arm it was possible to transmit a certain very noxious disease. The danger of this is very slight if care is used, and many physicians in private practice, who can select their cases, still prefer the old method of vaccination. But the Board of Health does well to use the bovine virus exclusively. By so doing, and by using a separate needle for each inoculation, it places its work beyond criticism, for the disease in question is one to which the cow is not susceptible, and which therefore cannot possibly be transmitted with bovine virus. Quite aside from this, however, the enormous number of vaccinations practised by the Board of Health render the virus farm a necessity.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ANOTHER American is immortalized among the great men whose monuments make Westminster Abbey a sacred spot to the two nations that have a common language. The unveiling, a month ago, of the memorial windows to James Russell Lowell, in the Chapter-house of the Abbey, is an incident in the life of these kindred peoples that should give actual pleasure to every right-minded man and woman among them, not only in its recognition of a poet and scholar whose work belongs to both nations, but in its indorsement of the man who has done so much to bring each closer to the other. The names of Great Britain's distinguished men who subscribed to the memorial fund indicate the estimation in which the American diplomat was held among them; for not only the great nobles of the kingdom, but leading members of the higher aristocracy of science, art, and letters united in the testimonial. We read among these the names of Professors Tyndall and Bryce, Sir John Lubbock, George Meredith, Alma-Tadema, Sir Frederick



THE LOWELL MEMORIAL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Leighton, Leslie Stephen, Dr. Conan Doyle, Canon Farrar, Chief Justice Coleridge, the Dukes of Westminster and Argyll, Earl Rosebery, and Lords Brassey and Playfair.

It was a distinguished gathering that met in the venerable Abbey on the afternoon of November 28th for the ceremonies of the unveiling. The Dean of Westminster presided, and about him were many in high places, among them the American Ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Speaker of the House of Commons, England's Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Lord High Chancellor, many members of Parliament, and lords and ladies, with representative men of letters and followers of the arts and sciences. Very graceful was Leslie Stephen's tribute to his dead friend in the speech in which, as chairman of the Memorial Committee, the English writer begged Ambassador Bayard's acceptance of the memorial on behalf of the United States.

Ambassador Bayard was equal to the occasion. His speech in acceptance of the memorial was eloquent, and he voiced a sentiment that all of us here must feel when he said, "In all American homes a sense of gratified pride will be felt when they learn the name and fame their countryman, the poet, scholar, statesman, and patriot, has received at the hands of Britons in this venerable temple of national religion, honor, and renown."

The bust of Longfellow and the Lowell memorial window more than ever endear the memorials of Westminster Abbey to American hearts.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ADDRESS OF MR. LESLIE STEPHEN AT THE UNVEILING IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 26, 1893.

I AM about to discharge a duty which has been imposed upon me against my will. Mr. Arthur Balfour, who was to have spoken to-day, has been forbidden to attend by the inexorable commands of the fiend influenza. Those commands were issued at the very last moment, when it was impossible for us to obtain the services of any other spokesman. It has, therefore, become incumbent upon me, as chairman of the Lowell Memorial Committee, to supply his place as well as I am able.

I may count it as some qualification that I had for many years the honor of Lowell's friendship. I may claim, I believe, to be, with one exception—that exception is our honored friend, Judge Thomas Hughes—the oldest of Lowell's English friends. Certainly this is a qualification in so far as it implies that I have not a single feeling which is not in the fullest harmony with the sentiment which has brought us together to-day. But it is also, as I keenly feel, a disqualification. It is impossible for me, standing here almost, I may say, by the grave of my friend, not to be sensible of the heavy responsibility. I dread lest I should say a word unworthy of him and of the occasion. I am even painfully anxious not to say a word—and I am setting myself a high standard—of which he could have disapproved on a similar occasion. In one respect I think that I can rise to that standard. I will not say a word which is not absolutely sincere. But I cannot affect to be free from a sense of uneasiness, and I must throw myself upon your sympathies if I speak sometimes with a faltering tongue.

I have to answer the question, Why is it that we have come hither to-day to pay honor to Lowell's memory?

One obvious and true reason, though it is far from being the only reason, will suggest itself to any one who visits this ancient Abbey and pauses at the Poets' Corner. In the long line of illustrious men whose monuments make that a place of pilgrimage for all our race, of the great masters who have handed down the torch of literature from Chaucer to Tennyson, there is not one, I think, who would not acknowledge in Lowell a kindred spirit. There is hardly one of them who was more clearly marked out by innate qualities of mind and character for the calling—I may venture to say the high calling—of a man of letters. There is no one, I think, who has ever taken up that calling with more entire devotion. Lowell had inherited no stinted share of the spirit of great predecessors. A true poet, who always spoke from his heart, and therefore always spoke nobly, and one of the most delightful essayists in the language, he might claim no mean place in their ranks. Of those great men many would admit that they had found no more penetrative and sympathetic reader of their deepest thought than Lowell. I speak as though they were still among us. For Lowell always thought and spoke of them not as of men long dead and gone, but as of friends with whom he held daily converse. When he discoursed upon the Elizabethan dramatists, one might fancy that he had just parted from Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the door of the Globe Theatre, and was about to join them for a supper of the gods at the Mermaid Tavern. This power was derived from a rare combination of qualities. A trained student and a thorough scholar, he delighted even in the minutiæ of criticism, in philological and grammatical niceties, and in the delicate canons of versification. He had, too, the voracious appetite of your true bookworm; he was a man born to grapple with libraries, and to absorb and assimilate whole literatures. No Dryasdust of them all could have a more ardent love of antiquarian research, though no man was less of what we generally mean by a Dryasdust. A Dryasdust is, as Lowell has said, an "unconscious humorist," a man who is the slave, not the master of his fancies; and who, in the ardor of curiosity-hunting, has lost the due sense of the relative importance of things. From any such weakness Lowell was preserved not less by his imaginative sympathy than by his inimitable gift of humor. As a true humorist he could perceive that there were bores three or four hundred years ago, and knew that a bore does not cease to be a bore because he has been left upon dusty shelves through the intervening centuries. He was therefore the master, not the slave of his fancies; and if for a moment he could play with them, he could always take us into his confidence with a quiet smile which showed that he knew the real worth of his treasures. To such powers it was owing that Lowell has not been equalled since the days of the congenial Charles Lamb in that criticism that has been called the lovers' criticism, the irresistible appreciation of old writers, which springs from similarity of heart and character.

Lowell, I say, was a humorist, and could be a most playful and tender humorist. His humor could also enter into very different combinations. It was first made widely known by his appearance under the mask of Hosea Biglow, that typical Yankee, raciest of the soil, pithiest of orators, most capable of dispersing the mephitic fogs of ignorance, sophistry, and political quackery by a fresh icy blast of the shrewdest common-sense. Biglow himself explained his secret when (in a poem to which I must again refer for its singular autobiographical interest) he made his apology for using his native dialect:

> For puttin' in a downright lick
> 'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther' 's few can metch it;
> An' then it helves my thoughts as slick
> Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

Hosea was the incarnation of homespun humor, but he was something more; beneath the humorist was the poet; and beneath the poet was the Puritan. His telling satire was animated by a purpose as stern as that of the great Puritan poet, John Milton. For Biglow uttered the rising emotions of a people in the early stages of one of the greatest movements that have ever led to political convulsions. Lowell, his creator, was inspired by the passion that was to grapple with the gigantic curse of slavery. There have, though rarely, been writers in the partisan warfare of politics with a wit as keen as Lowell's, and their art has been equally effective for the moment. But too often they have placed their great powers at the service of personal animosity, or have even used them to ridicule just the noblest aspirations of their antagonists. When Lowell took up the old instrument the strain we heard was of a higher mood; in his hands "the thing became a trumpet," and instead of writing lampoons in an election campaign, he wrote war-songs for a crusade against the monster evil which was oppressing the helpless and sapping the moral strength of a nation.

The time came when they were war-songs in sober earnest; when "the war of tongue and pen learnt with what deadly passion it was fraught"; and when Lowell, sitting among his beloved books in the old Elmwood homestead, could hardly turn to them or listen to the well-known songs of his native birds for the news that was coming in from the armies of Grant and Sherman. He had a terrible trial to pass through; to give up some of those whom he loved most tenderly, who "ventured life and love and youth for the great prize of death in battle"; he had to tremble for the faltering resolution of his own leaders, and too often to meet with scorn where he had most confidently hoped for sympathy. Hosea Biglow spoke again; and if with less spontaneous humor, with deeper solemnity and a keener pathos; and what Biglow had to say was that he never despaired of his race or of the triumph of the good cause. He looked back to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers: "Oh strange new world," he exclaims:

> Oh strange new world that yit wast never young,
> Whose youth from thee by grippin' need was wrung,
> An' who grewst strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains!

The tree that sprang from such a seed, whose strength had been braced by such trials, should not be uprooted.

> The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
> In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!

I must resort again to Lowell's own words to express the feelings with which he went through the long agony of the war, till doubt and hesitation and discord had been hardened into unflinching resolution:

> Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
> For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
> But proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
> Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
> An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
> Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
> Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water....
>
> Come, while our country feels the lift
> Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"
> And knows thet freedom ain't a gift
> That tarries long in han's o' cowards!
> Come, such as mothers prayed for when
> They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
> An' bring fair wages for brave men,
> A nation saved, a race delivered!

At length the time came when the victory was won, and Lowell could utter his song of exultation; of an exultation not unworthy, for it was roused not by mere military triumph, but by the preservation of a great hope of mankind. "Be proud!" he could say,

> Be proud, for she is saved,
> And all have helped to save her!
> She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
> She of the open soul and open door,
> With room about her hearth for all mankind!

Of the feelings which animated the American nation at that time there will be two great literary memorials—the pathetic address upon the Gettysburg battle-field delivered by Abraham Lincoln, of whom Lowell said, in the Commemoration Ode, that the people loved his rule,—

> Not lured by any cheat of birth,
> But by his clear-grained human worth,
> And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

And the Commemoration Ode itself, the utterance of the poet and scholar, who was yet a man of his people, and could value so justly the sublime simplicity of the great homespun President. No poet, I think, has ever found loftier expression for an ennobling patriotic sentiment.

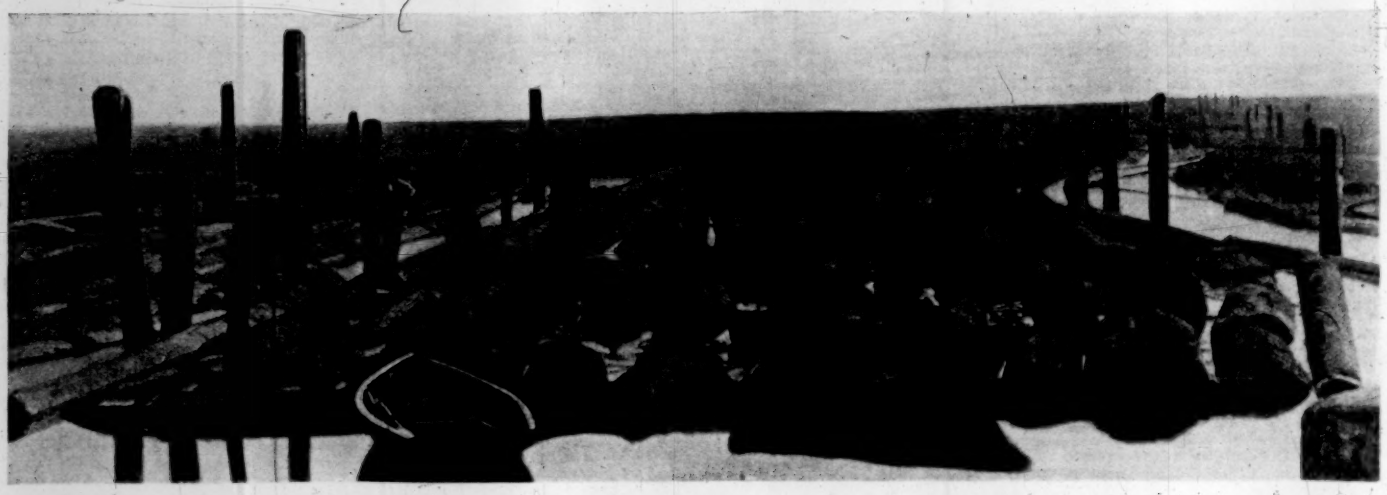
I dwell upon this, for I think it eminently characteristic of Lowell. Scholar and critic as he was, refined enough in his literary judgment to command the respect of the most delicate literary dilettante, Lowell's culture was not of the kind which could deaden or overstimulate his sensibilities. He was saved from any such danger by his large heart, by his broad popular sympathies, by his sure instinct for all that was high and noble, and, may I not say it? by the sturdy common-sense which made him, after all, a political optimist. He was in some sense a conservative by temperament. How could he be otherwise who was so deeply rooted in the past? But he was a conservative with a stanch belief in progress. He uttered his faith in the admirable address upon "Democracy." The world, he believed, with all its wrongs and sorrows, in spite of all the quack remedies which only made things worse, would, if I may use one of his phrases, sometime "worry through" to a better day. The old man would in time cast the slough of unworthy motive and the web spun by charlatans, and emerge as that true man of the future for whose advent we all must be anxious. And if as a good American he believed that in that happy day America would be in the van of progress, it was not from mere personal prejudice, but because he sincerely held that the sturdy morality of his fathers had permeated the national creed, that at the bottom Americans held to the sound doctrine of justice, integrity, and respect for all human rights, and would listen, as he puts it, to the "still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart," and prompts "to a wider and wiser humanity."

Such was the Lowell who came among us in later years to represent the great republic which he loved so well. I am not an ambassador. I doubt whether I shall ever be an ambassador; and I look upon diplomatists and all their ways with a mixture of awe and respectful mystification. Therefore it is not for me to say how Lowell conducted himself in his official capacity, or whether his patriotism ever came into conflict with the no doubt equally exalted patriotism of British ministers. I speak only as one of the outside public, and on their behalf I think that I may safely say this. I say it, as I have already ventured to dwell, for the same reason, upon Lowell's patriotic spirit in addressing an audience mainly composed of English men and women. Whatever the faults of Englishmen—and Lowell had occasionally to remind us that we are not quite free from faults—I hope that we may still say for ourselves that we know a man and that we love a man when we see one, and that we can cordially honor in others the qualities which win our hearty admiration when manifested by ourselves. What impression did Lowell make upon us? We knew, I fancy, already that a Yankee brain might be the organ of a keen intelligence, may, of an intelligence inconveniently keen when it happens to be exerted on the other side of a bargain. We knew, too—how could we help knowing after welcoming among us Hawthorne and Longfellow and Motley?—that a Yankee brain could produce literature charming for delicacy, for tenderness, and for vigor. But we hardly realized, I think, for his predecessors had not equal opportunities of making themselves known to the general public, that the most courteous and genial and kindly—in one word, the most lovable of men might spring from the true New England breed. Lowell had many points of affinity with us. As a scholar he was honored by our scholars. He knew our literature—"our," of course, includes "his" literature—as it is known to few but professors, and loved it as few professors can love it after a prolonged course of impressing its merits upon youth. He loved our English country, and even our weather, and used to doubt whether he had been fully acclimatized by two or three centuries to the suns and frosts of Massachusetts. He loved this grimy metropolis, and could speak leniently even of the London fogs, which have happily kept aloof from this November day. He loved, too, the venerable and quaint relics of antiquity of which England is still a treasure-house, and with a love not perhaps usual in us whose perceptions have been blunted by familiarity. If he had claims upon our sympathy, he had equal claims upon our respect. Lowell was, if ever man was, a gentleman to the core; a man to whom it was impossible to attribute for a moment any motive unworthy of a gentleman, or even to imagine that any antagonist could impute such a motive. He demonstrated, if fresh demonstration could be necessary, that the qualities which he shared with Hosea Biglow, the manly spirit of independence and self-respect, could take the finest polish that could be caught from ancient culture and qualify their possessor to mix on an equality with the most refined in courts and cabinets. And to such qualities Lowell added one peculiarly his own. He had that singular felicity of address which enabled him at once to be on good terms with every audience which he encountered. He could reveal himself to us at a glance. He had the talisman which opens to a speaker all the better nature of his hearers; and with such powers he wound himself into the hearts of Englishmen generally as he had already wound himself into the hearts of those privileged to call themselves his friends.

I have said that I was one of his friends. I shall be proud to say so as long as I can be proud of saying anything; but I bethink myself that the qualities which endeared Lowell to me were the same qualities which endeared him to a wide and ever-spreading circle. There are some qualities which can be fully revealed only in the intimacy of private life—the pure and tender and gentle heart; the unfeigned delight in all the sweet domesticities of the innermost circle. Lowell had in full measure the charm which comes from such qualities, but they are qualities which are happily shared by many who will never be commemorated in Westminster Abbey. They have already a better reward. But when we see such qualities combined with the highest intellectual gifts; when they are the foundation of the attractive power which bound together a far wider circle; when, above all, they are exhibited by a man conspicuous by his public position, and so used as to become a bond in some degree not only between individuals but between two great nations—in such a case, I say, we are bound to show them honor by every means in our power.

This, permit me to say, is a memorial erected exclusively by Englishmen. We had kind offers of help from Americans, and were, I hope, duly grateful; but we were compelled to decline them, not from any want of sympathetic feeling, but because we wished to prove by our memorial that Englishmen know how to show honor to a great and noble-minded American. It will, I hope, be accepted as including a cordial greeting from the old country to the new. It is, I think, offered in the right spirit, in the spirit which Lowell himself not infrequently described. International courtesies should be free from any taint of insincerity, flattery, and exaggeration; they should be offered by men who respect themselves to men to whom they can pay the tribute of an equally ungrudging and unfeigned respect. This Chapter-house, as the Dean of Westminster has reminded us, was for centuries the meeting-place of the "Mother of Parliaments"; in modern times, as he said, it has been used only upon three previous occasions—once when a monument was placed in the Abbey to Longfellow by his English admirers, and once when a monument to Coleridge was presented by an American. Lowell spoke here on both those occasions. He spoke again, and most impressively, on the third occasion, when the windows in this Chapter-house—one of them presented by American citizens—were dedicated to the memory of Dean Stanley. And upon that occasion he used the words which I will read to you: "I feel especially happy" (in attending this ceremony) "because it seems to me that my presence here is an augury of that day, which may be distant, but which I believe will surely come, when the services of every eminent man of the British race, under whatever distant skies he may have been born, shall be the common possession and the common inheritance and the common pride of every branch which is sprung from the ancestral stem." To-day we are to carry nearly to its completion the decoration of this building so closely associated with Lowell himself. We hope that when visitors come from our English country or from the broad States beyond the Atlantic, they will sometimes contemplate this memorial with the marble effigy of Lowell and regard it as a step towards the fulfilment of his prophecy. We shall claim a pride in the worthy descendant from our old English stock, and we venture to hope that Americans will take some pride in the stock from which their great countryman descended, and that sentiments so congenial may help to promote a kindly sympathy between two great nations.

AN EXCEPTIONAL TRAIN-LOAD.

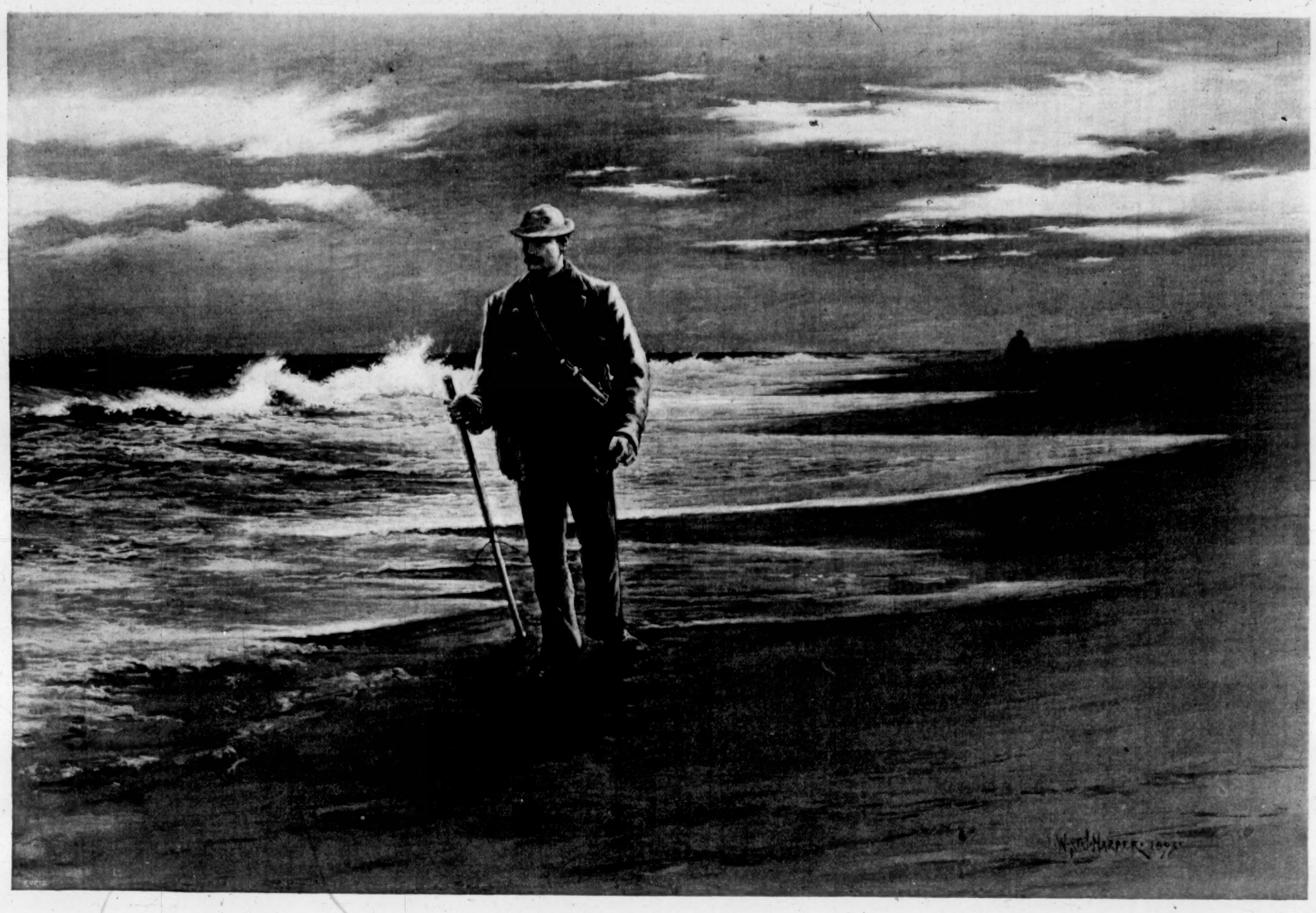


IN THE MILL-POND

A DONKEY-ENGINE AT WORK

WIRE-CABLE LOGGING.

AMONG THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 14.]



THE BEACH PATROL.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper. —[See Page 14.]

AMONG THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS.

LUMBERING operations in the redwood forests on the western verge of the continent afford numerous and striking points of contrast to the methods pursued in the pineries of Minnesota and the lake regions. The contrasts arise from the differences in climate and topography of the forest land as much as from the size and characteristics of the timber. There are also features of logging operations distinguishing the methods of California lumbermen that are a distinctive product of that impatient spirit of progress that brings so many innovations to the industry and civilization of the extreme West.

The redwood forests of the Pacific coast constitute a strip, or, as it is more frequently called, a belt, stretching along the western base of the Coast Range of mountains for four hundred miles. This forest belt is not more than ten or fifteen miles in width, but is so continuous in its exclusive possession of its own realm that in Humboldt County, where the heaviest timber is to be found, it is said that one might travel nearly one hundred miles in a straight line without emerging from the shadows of the redwood. At some points these forests extend quite to the ocean beach, but in most places a strip of open or brush land from one to ten miles wide intervenes between the redwoods and the coast. To landward the redwoods do not extend beyond the prevailing fogs and abundant moisture from the Pacific.

The general topography of the country is that of a rugged mountainous district, where an absence of glacial action has left the land scarred by the deep seams (gorges) and divides (ridges) which the convulsions of nature in its process of mountain-building created. The abundant rainfall of this region, however, averaging forty inches or more annually, has produced some modifications in the original contour of the land, by providing the innumerable ravines with never-ceasing torrents with which to build up deltas and valleys with soil and débris from the mountain forests. The forests themselves round off and relieve or disguise the angular ruggedness of the land, so that an inspection of the forest scenery would hardly suggest the ragged and abrupt character of the country. But the redwood has no prejudice against declivity, and clings to the steep mountain-side as tenaciously and seems to thrive there as well as on the river bottoms and the upland tables.

As the rainy season of northern California extends from November to April, and as there is no snowfall in the redwood regions, the lumbering operations, or at least the logging operations, are carried on during the summer months alone. If the weather is not too inclement, choppers are sent into the forests in January and February to fell timber for the summer operations, and are soon followed by sawyers and peelers who prepare the logs for transportation. The winter of 1892–3 was, however, so incessantly stormy through February and March that little chopping was done. It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the WEEKLY to give some details of the operations, which will certainly assist to a better understanding of the accompanying illustrations.

While those who fell redwood-trees are still termed choppers, very little chopping is now done, as it has been found more economical to saw the trees down. The first process, however, in redwood logging is to determine what "gulch" or basin is to be logged out in a given season, for all the operations centre around the logging road, and as the character of the country is so steep, and the logs so large and heavy that no attempt is ever made to transport them up grade, a logging road must be built up each ravine or depression, and all the timber in that particular basin must travel down this road. The first duty of choppers is to find the place to stretch their victim out; for the country is so uneven, and redwood timber is so heavy and brittle, that unless it is felled with great care much of it is shattered and destroyed. They must avoid falling it over sharp divides or other tree trunks. The usual course is to select a bed along the hill slope. Often some time is consumed removing the inequalities and obstructions, or "softening" the bed to prevent breakage when the tree falls. Having prepared the resting-place, the choppers proceed to make an "undercut," but owing to the great size of the trees, the unevenness of the ground, and the spread of roots ("churn of butt" is the local phraseology), it is usually found necessary to build up a platform or scaffolding for the choppers to stand on while at work. So a large tree is generally cut five to ten feet from the ground, leaving a large amount of excellent timber in the stump. When the undercut, to give the tree direction in falling, has been made, the men begin at the opposite side of the tree with a crosscut-saw, and proceed to sever it from its ground holdings. As the saw proceeds, steel wedges are driven in the opening behind the saw, and the immense trunk is slowly forced over to lean in the direction of the bed prepared for it, and into which it falls without varying more than a few inches from the course prescribed by the unerring skill of the choppers. It will be readily seen by the illustrations that it requires two men to fell redwood-trees of average size. Long-handled axes are used, and even then a chopper cannot always reach the centre of the trunk from his side position without taking a step. A "right-handed" and a "left-handed" chopper must be paired. While in redwood lumbering no effort is made to spare any trees, for few are found too small for use, it must not be supposed that choppers can fell all the trees on a given area before some are logged off. In the densest forests there may be twenty trees ranging from five to fifteen feet in diameter on the space of half an acre, and to fell all these at once would be to literally heap the ground with splintered redwood. To find room to accommodate the trunks, there must almost always be two choppings, and often three.

The next step in redwood lumbering is to saw the trunks into logs ranging from 12 to 24 feet in length, and to strip off the thick heavy bark, which is an encumbrance in transportation and an obstacle in manufacturing. The largest logs, especially those at the butt of the tree, are made only 12 feet in length, in order to facilitate handling; and even then many of them are so unwieldy that they are split into halves and quarters before leaving the woods. In sawing the logs one man handles the saw, and in some of the more extensive lumbering camps an expert filer is employed to keep all the crosscut-saws in condition; but ordinarily each sawyer keeps his own saw in order. The peeling is done with steel bars very similar to the ordinary crowbar, except that the end is flattened and bent slightly. The bark is most easily removed in the spring, when the trees are freshly chopped while making their annual growth. It yet has to be removed at all seasons when logs are prepared for hauling.

The most expensive factor in redwood logging is road-making. A logging road is one which is built into the forests from the railroad landing or the pond, and over which the logs are hauled or "snaked" on their way to the mill or tide-water. These roads must be of a proper grade and smoothness, with a depression in the centre to prevent the string of logs from getting off the grade. A large proportion of the working force in every camp is constantly employed in making roads. One main road is constructed up a ravine, and into this road the logs from the whole basin are brought, and strings of from five to twenty logs are then made up by "dogging" them together. The number of logs in a string depends upon the size of the logs and the power employed in hauling them.

Formerly the logs were "swamped" out or pulled into the road, and formed into loads by using two or three yoke of oxen to assist the men with jack-screws. But for the past twelve years a peculiar application of steam has been used for this in the form of the "donkey-engine"—a device invented by Mr. John Dolbeer, a leading Humboldt lumberman. The donkey-engine is an engine of ten or twelve horse-power, with an upright boiler set on a frame work, under which is a pair of runners. A spool is attached to the engine, and by means of blocks and tackle attached to the various trees and stumps, it hauls itself about the woods, up the steepest ascents, and in all manner of positions where it can be of service. The mission of the steam-donkey is to pull the logs into the road and to remove obstructions, which is done by means of the same rigging and in the same manner that it moves itself. This device has been universally adopted in redwood logging, and from five to twelve donkeys are kept in use constantly through the summer months in getting out logs for each mill.

The logging road over which the timber is transported to the landing was formerly a dirt road almost entirely, but in recent years it has become more and more the practice to imbed skids or ties along portions of the road to facilitate the hauling. Until last season the logs were invariably hauled over these roads by ox or horse teams. The method was to hitch eight to twelve oxen or as many horses to a string of five to twelve logs, and drag them along the road, always down grade, and deliver them on the landing. To lessen the friction, an active man is employed to keep the road slippery with water, which he dashes in front of the logs while moving. This water is distributed in tubs along every wagon road convenient for the use of the water-thrower. This water usually has to be obtained from the streams or springs at much lower levels than the road, and is therefore conveyed up the hills to the tubs by means of ponies or mules, with water-bags hung over their backs. In getting out logs to keep a single mill employed, it sometimes occurs that ten or twelve of these pack animals, with as many attendants, are utilized in keeping the roads supplied with water. This involves an expense of $20 to $30 per day. It is, therefore, one of the unsolved problems of redwood logging to convey water up hill and distribute it along the road by a more economical and less primitive device.

The teamster, and especially the ox teamster, has been for a generation the autocrat of redwood logging operations. He received the highest wages, and had a greater responsibility than the foreman or even the cook. He was expected not only to inspire his ox team, but the whole camp with rush and persistence. The climate of the redwood regions will admit of only summer work, and a month of the summer might be taken away by a late spring freshet or an early autumn storm. So a big day's haul every day in the working season is the least that will satisfy an exemplary ox-goader. His ambition is in the direction of getting down a few more logs to-day than he did yesterday, and a few more to-morrow than to-day. If he allows this spirit to wane before the autumn rains shut down the camp, he is deficient in quality. If he maintains it throughout the season his reputation is established, and he commands $150 a month in any camp.

But, alas for the ox teamster! Another innovation has despoiled him of his prestige. During the last logging season Mr. David Evans, practical manager of one of the most extensive lumbering concerns on the Pacific coast, concluded that if the wire cable was a good thing to move street cars in cities, it would also be a good thing to move redwood logs out of the forests. So, ordering a logging engine somewhat more powerful than the donkey species, he stationed it at his railroad landing, provided it with two large drums about five feet in diameter, and investing in several miles of wire cable, he attached this to the drums, and forthwith steam began to reach out into the forests and tow the redwood logs down to the railroad track. So successful did this method prove that in less than two months Mr. Evans had turned his oxen and horses all out to pasture, and had three of these steam-cable devices in their places. This was in July, 1892. Before the season was over other companies had adopted the reform, and at the commencement of the season of 1893 all lumbermen were prepared to log by steam and wire cable.

To distinguish it from its inferior used in the woods, the engine which operates the wire cable is called a "bull-donkey." The process is very simple. A wire cable one inch in diameter is attached to the drum of the bull-donkey, and stretched along the road to the place where the load is to be made up. It is attached to the string of logs by means of grabs, and is kept in place along the open logging road by means of rollers and pulleys fastened to skids and set vertically at sides of the road wherever there is a curve or change in direction. The engine revolves the drum, the wire cable is wound up, and the logs move rapidly down the road, accompanied by two or three men to see that they do not get "hung up," and to signal the engineer when to stop, etc. For this purpose a complete system of electric signals is employed, with stations at intervals along the road, so that by simply pulling a wire the bull-donkey can be directed with certainty and despatch. But the device would be impracticable were it not based on the principle of the endless cable. To the logging end of the main cable is attached a lighter wire cable which passes through a block firmly fastened to some tree near where the loads are being made up, and thence through other pulleys and by a more direct route to the bull-donkey, where it is attached to the second drum. When the train of logs is detached from the main cable, the power is transferred to this second drum, which, by revolving, winds up the lesser cable, and pulls the larger cable and the various tackle back to the logging-ground ready for another load. This process will revolutionize redwood logging by cheapening and expediting the operations. It requires less men, does away with teams and roads fitted for their footing, and economizes time in the transit.

As most of the saw-mills of Humboldt County are located some distance from the forests from which they procure their logs, the next step in lumbering is to load the logs on railroad cars for transportation either to the mill or to tide-water, whence they are towed in rafts to the mill. One to four or five logs are placed on each car, according to the size of the logs. This can be all better understood from the illustrations, however, than from description.

Before leaving the subject of redwood logging it might be well to call the attention of readers to the fact that this class of timber is not handled on sleighs or trucks. Only the earth itself or a well-constructed railway car is stanch enough to withstand the jars of a heavy redwood log. It might be well to also observe that civilization in its most progressive form has invaded the redwoods. A well-equipped mill plant, with a capacity of seventy thousand to eighty thousand feet per day, must employ four hundred or five hundred men in the woods during the summer season. Such a plant would require ten or fifteen miles of logging railroad, with three or four locomotives, ten or fifteen miles of telephone line, with a dozen instruments, and ten or more donkey logging engines. With the advent of cable-logging, three or four bull-donkeys, six or eight miles of wire rope, and a complete system of electric signals through the logging works must be added for a full equipment. Where fuel is so cheap and is destroyed in such large quantities, it will not be surprising if within the next few years some adaptation of electricity may be employed to transport all the logs to tide-water and to transmit and distribute power to the mills themselves.

The redwood when dry is a light wood, but when green is very heavy. One or two of the butt logs in almost every tree will sink in water. These are known among rafters as "sinkers." When one end of the log is heavy enough to sink, but the other end shows a disposition to float, it is said to be a "bobber." When the logs are dumped into tide-water or a mill-pond, these sinkers must be buoyed by attaching them to some of their lighter colleagues in the same raft. When the raft is thus made up, it is towed by small steam-tugs to the mill booms.

The process of sawing redwood is not unlike that in other lumbering operations, except that the saw carriage and appliances for handling the logs must be exceptionally strong to bear the weight and jarrings of logs weighing ten to fifteen tons. More care must be exercised in sawing than is customary in pine lumbering, as the redwood is of varying quality in the same log. Formerly double circular saws, with a horizontal and top saw for the larger logs, were used exclusively, but now band-saws are being introduced, and no mill is considered complete without a band-saw. The redwood lumber is transported to market entirely by vessels, most of which are owned by the lumbermen themselves.

The centre of the redwood industry is Humboldt Bay, on the coast of northern California, where the government is expending over two million dollars in jetty construction to improve the entrance to the bay. The principal market for the lumber is in San Francisco and southern California, where it is used for all building purposes. But large quantities of the choicest redwood go to Australia and the islands of the Pacific, to Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chile, and considerable quantities to Europe. It is becoming better known in the eastern part of the United States, where it is making its appearance as being adapted for special purposes. Redwood shingles, tank-stock, and pipe staves for underground conduits, coffin stock, etc., are preferred because of the enduring qualities of the wood. In tropic regions redwood doors are used almost exclusively, because land insects never perforate redwood as they do other woods. But where strength or wear is required, redwood is not suitable. It is now being extensively used on the Pacific coast for interior finish, as the rich color and beautiful grain of the wood is making it popular.

Transportation is the great element of cost in redwood lumbering, and it is this factor that continually circumscribes its sale. The cost of transportation begins with the building of the logging roads and ends with the tariff schedules of the transcontinental roads. The transportation of the merchantable redwood timber still standing in the forests of the single county of Humboldt to Chicago, at present rates, would cost $780,000,000, or enough to construct and equip four railroads the whole distance. It is hardly necessary to add that redwood producers are anxious for the early construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and until that waterway is opened it is not probable that Eastern builders will familiarize themselves with redwood except for special uses.

J. M. EDDY.

THE LIFE-SAVING PATROL.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

ONE of the chief charms to me about a life saver is the fact of his usually being utterly unconscious that he is a hero. If you ask him why he is in the service he will probably tell you that he has lived all his life along shore, fishes in summer, and finds life-saving the best means of making a living in winter. Heroism indeed!—you will say—when the chief attraction of his calling to him seems the regularity with which pay-day comes along.

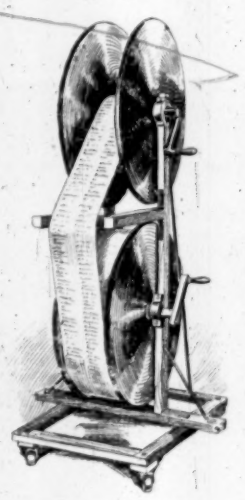
But there are some occupations which are in themselves heroic; and you can't mention a calling which involves shoving a boat's nose into salt-water that hasn't a touch certainly of the picturesque and romantic and generally of the heroic about it. For the sea ennobles everything it touches! An old wreck, with its ribs bleaching in the sun, that would be as hideous as a skeleton inland, becomes beautiful when the surf twines its foamy arms about it. A great hulking fellow who would be the butt of the country-store before whose stove he toasted his shins becomes a hero when he stands in his oilers and sou'wester with his hand on the gunwale facing the hissing sea awaiting the captain's orders to launch the life-boat. There is something heroic even about the boat itself. How small, how frail it seems compared with each successive breaker that curves and bursts into a cataract as it nears shore. Yet the life-savers launch it fearlessly upon that vast contumescence of wind and sea. Now it rises seemingly upon a mountain, now it plunges into an abyss. The watchers ashore hold their breath. Will it ever reappear? Yes, there it rises upon the succeeding breaker, kept head on to the sea only by the desperate strength of the crew. Will it be pitch-poled, or thrown on its beam-ends? will that breaker whose white crest curves almost over it burst and fill it? Somehow it seems to live—live and move with the strength of its heroic crew.

But others besides those ashore are watching the passage of the little craft through the breakers. On a tottering eyrie, amid sleet-covered shrouds and rigging, stiff and discolored by exposure to the wintry storm, with perhaps a topsail, partially unfurled, bulging and flapping over them in the tempest, cling those to save whom the life-savers have attempted the perilous passage. Perhaps the vessel went on at night, and it is now only the first gray of a stormy

morning. Then to the natural terror of the scene is added the despair of weird and ghostlike environments. Each wave seems to burst from the deep recesses of a cavern; flying mist half veils the doomed vessel, and gives a touch of unreality to its outlines. Possibly efforts to fire a line over the rigging have been made and have failed. The distance was too great, or the shipwrecked sailors were too benumbed to haul out the hawser over which the breeches-buoy travels. And so their lives are dependent upon the boat that is fighting its way almost by inches through the breakers. Now it is under the lee of the wreck, and one by one, slowly and cautiously to prevent capsizing, the sailors are got aboard. Then the bow is pointed shoreward. As the boat approaches the beach many of the men among the watchers rush waist-deep into the surf and aid in the landing. And so at last the rescue is effected.

The scene shown in the illustration is one of the quieter episodes in the life-savers' calling. The patrols from two neighboring stations have just met, and have parted to return to their stations. Our sea-coasts are thus patrolled from sunset to sunrise from September until May. This happens to be a calm evening; but too often the life-saver has to battle against wind and snow, and wade along a wave-sheeted beach.

THE MOVE FOR BETTER HIGHWAYS.



MONSTER PETITION FOR "GOOD ROADS" LEGISLATION: 150,000 NAMES.

The sudden manner in which the demand for the improvement of the roads of this country has arisen is likely to puzzle those persons who have not observed the way in which reforms are brought in communities when the people have to seek out the hindrances which beset their paths and invent the remedies for them. Whether the ills be political or natural, they are generally borne with a surprising patience until some citizens rise up and prophesy against them; for a while the exhortations may appear to be unheard, but slowly they enter the understanding of the folk; it may be after years of labor on the part of those who have taken up the good work before there comes the uprising which brings the remedy. The presentation of the great petition to Congress marks the last step in the effort of a number of men, of whom the most efficient has been Col. A. A. Pope, of Boston, to arouse the people to an understanding of the burden which their ill-conditioned highways impose upon them.

The patient way in which Americans have submitted to the tax which bad roads inflict has not been due altogether, or even mainly, to ignorance. Up to the present time nearly all our communities have been in the pioneering state of their economic growth, when they have had to concern themselves with those needs which were the most pressing. Their dwellings, churches, schools, halls of justice, and other necessary *plant* of civilization, which in other countries have been in good part transmitted from the remote past, had to be provided in a land which offered only unsubjugated fields. In this pioneering work the local ways of communication had to be long neglected. When the time came in which the main channels of trade were to be cared for our citizens showed an extraordinary zeal in developing first a canal system, and afterward the marvellous net-work of railways which gives this country better opportunities for intercourse than are possessed by any other equally large part of the world. With these tasks done, the people feel themselves ready to set about the improvement of their highways. They have, indeed, begun the task with an enthusiasm which, though it promises much blundering, will surely in the end attain success. The aim of all those who have an interest in the good work should be to guide the undertakings so that there may be the least possible waste of money or of confidence. There is grave danger that in an eagerness to attain the end there may be mistakes made which will give a setback to the reform.

The history of highway-building shows us that such work demands a high measure of engineering skill. We readily see that there, as in other constructions, the questions as to the materials to be used and the foundations on which they are to rest are matters of grave importance. Nowhere else are these problems so serious as in this field of road-making. The learning of the craft is limited. There are a number of treatises which give it in a sufficient manner; but the men who would acquire skill in the art must know how to use the materials which the country affords, and to combine them in relation to the exigencies of under-earth, climate, and the traffic which the way has to bear in a manner which can be brought about by careful schooling alone.

Adequately to provide a fertile country with good roads it is necessary to have on the average one mile of well-constructed way to each square mile of the area. Constructed in the cheapest possible manner consistent with a true economy, the cost of giving these roads a firm and enduring surface, such as macadam affords, cannot be less than $3000 per mile, or about $5 for each acre of land which is thus furnished with means of communication. It is therefore evident that any blundering in the effort to better our roads may be not only costly to the communities which are seeking improvement in their highway systems, but may result in taxing rather than in helping the farmers. Therefore the first and most immediate need is for a body of trained men, who have, in addition to a fair knowledge of engineering, which will enable them properly to lay out a road and build the necessary bridges, a special training in the peculiar learning which the modern "highwayman" requires for his craft. This includes some knowledge of physical geology, so much of mineralogy as will enable him to judge the qualities of rocks, and a fair acquaintance with chemistry and physics. To do the work demanded of him the road-master should have the general training of a skilled civil and topographical engineer, and special education in the matters which pertain to roads.

As yet our engineering schools have hardly begun to train men for the need which we are considering, though in several of them courses of lectures on this subject have been introduced into the work. In the Scientific School of Harvard University some further progress has been attained by beginning a laboratory for experiments concerning the value of various road materials, and by having under a skilled road-master practical instruction for the students in the field, where they may become personally acquainted with the problems to be met in that department of engineering. In order to fit himself for this employment in a satisfactory manner, a youth, after receiving a proper high-school training, or its equivalent, should spend four years in making ready for his work. A fair knowledge of the subject may be acquired in two or three years, but to be in a true sense trained in the art demands as much time as is given to that of the railway engineer. It behooves our technical schools to meet this public need in a prompt and efficient manner.

Next after the need of professionally trained men, we may reckon as most important a knowledge as to the distribution and relative value of the road materials which exist in different parts of this country. The cost and goodness of a road alike depend on the nature of the substances which are used. To construct a mile of first-class macadamized or other substantial road-bed, several thousand tons of materials, the cost of which is in most cases made up in the main of transportation charges, are required. It is therefore most important to have accurate and detailed knowledge as to the sites of those rocks which can be most advantageously used. At present the better sorts of road metal are often carried for the distance of several hundred miles, often passing near their destination materials which are equally well fitted for service. This waste of money can only be avoided by a well-made survey and report of the country from the point of view of the road-maker. It is here that the Federal government can render a most important service in the improvement of our highways. It is not within the limits of its powers to build carriage-roads, except in the rare instances where they are needed for military purposes. It can, however, through its excellent geological survey, furnish maps and reports which may serve this need, as in other forms they serve those of the miner.

If these two ends—the training of road engineers and the description of our road materials—can be promptly attained, we may expect that this country will swiftly pass by the existing stage, where its highways are a sore tax upon its people, as well as a reproach to the material side of its civilization. For a time, however, it may perhaps be well for the States to follow the course which Massachusetts is now pursuing by giving the people some guidance and material help in their efforts to better their ways. That commonwealth has established a highway commission, one of its three members an engineer of long and successful experience in constructing roads, and another a professional geologist. This board is required to hold at least one public meeting in each county every year. It may be called on for advice by any road-master, or by the officials of the municipalities. When, after hearing a petition from the county commissions or from towns, the State Board is convinced that a particular road should be taken over by the commonwealth, it submits a bill to this effect, with estimates, to the Legislature. If this bill becomes a law, the particular highway is then improved and afterward cared for by the Highway Board. In this manner the poorer towns can be relieved of the burden which is often imposed on them by having to care for roads which lie within their borders, but which are mainly used by people from other communities. In this way, by gratuitous advice, including information as to the value of road materials and the methods in which they should be used in various conditions, and by direct aid to those towns which are beset with difficulties, it seems likely that Massachusetts will soon escape from the annual tax of from three to five million dollars which its defective highways now impose.

N. S. SHALER.

MADAME CALVÉ.

It is only within three or four years that the name of Madame Emma Calvé began to be heard outside of Belgium and France as that of a young operatic soprano—one both dramatic and coloratur, but especially dramatic. Her début at Brussels but a few years ago was followed by such immediate and concentrated attention to her that Paris, London, and now New York have merely concurred in an estimate that has been written in large words by many of the most notable and conservative critics of all Europe.

Especially as *Santuzza* in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," and as *Carmen* in Bizet's familiar masterpiece has Madame Calvé won her greatest laurels. With the last-named part this city is just now making enthusiastic acquaintance, and it is saying much, but saying the truth, to affirm that all the past *Carmens*, many of them remarkable and even representative *Carmens*, have been eclipsed through the extraordinary care and art which make Madame Calvé's *Carmen* an ideal dramatic delineation, nearly an ideal musical one. It surpasses even her famous *Santuzza*. It offers such new and absorbingly interesting *nuances* vocal and dramatic, that one finds a new creation of the character to observe; and more to convey its individuality can hardly be said to New-Yorkers. This new *Carmen* is a masterpiece of realism, not too brutal, not too repulsive, but with every line and touch in the *farouche* portraiture significant, and as sharp as is the cigarette-girl's knife pulled out of her frock to stab *Don José*.

"I have studied that one part literally word by word, phrase by phrase," said Madame Calvé to the writer. "I went to Spain, I went to Seville, yes, and remained there on purpose more thoroughly to observe *Carmen's* type, so far as I could find it—many watchful visits to the cigarette factories, the bull-fights, and to the quarters, to the cabarets, affected by the employés and by the low-caste gypsies included. In my mind *Carmen* is an antithesis—she must be the very idealization of the realistic in dramatic art—just as her direct opposite, *Ophelia*, in Thomas's 'Hamlet' means the realization of an ideal."

A woman of high intellectual powers, of a most earnest view of the dignity of her art, and especially a firm believer in the absolute necessity of work, work, work, and of the consideration of every detail in professional study and practice, Madame Calvé is another successful singer who teaches the lesson of careful intellectual development at the same time that the technical training is pursued. Graceful was one bit of ancient philosophy which she added smilingly to some psychologic theories as to certain operatic heroines: "Love we know begets love. We must needs care for those who show that they care for us. That is human nature. How can I help growing fond already of America and Americans when they seem already so pleased with me? That is very good heart-logic, I fancy. Isn't it?"

OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM.

BY RICHARD T. ELY,
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I.

The growth of socialism during the past two or three years has astonished even those who are familiar with its advance during the past generation. It claims numerically the strongest political party in Germany, and has returned an unprecedented number of delegates to the French Chamber of Deputies. The year just passed witnessed the adoption of a strongly socialistic programme by the English trades-unions at their annual congress, showing the possibility that the English labor movement may become, like the German, a movement of the Social Democracy. Even the American Federation of Labor has listened to proposals for the socialization of the means of production, and has referred these proposals to the various bodies which compose the federal union. It is surely a favorable time calmly and impartially to examine the nature of socialism and its claims, as well as the objections which may be urged against it.

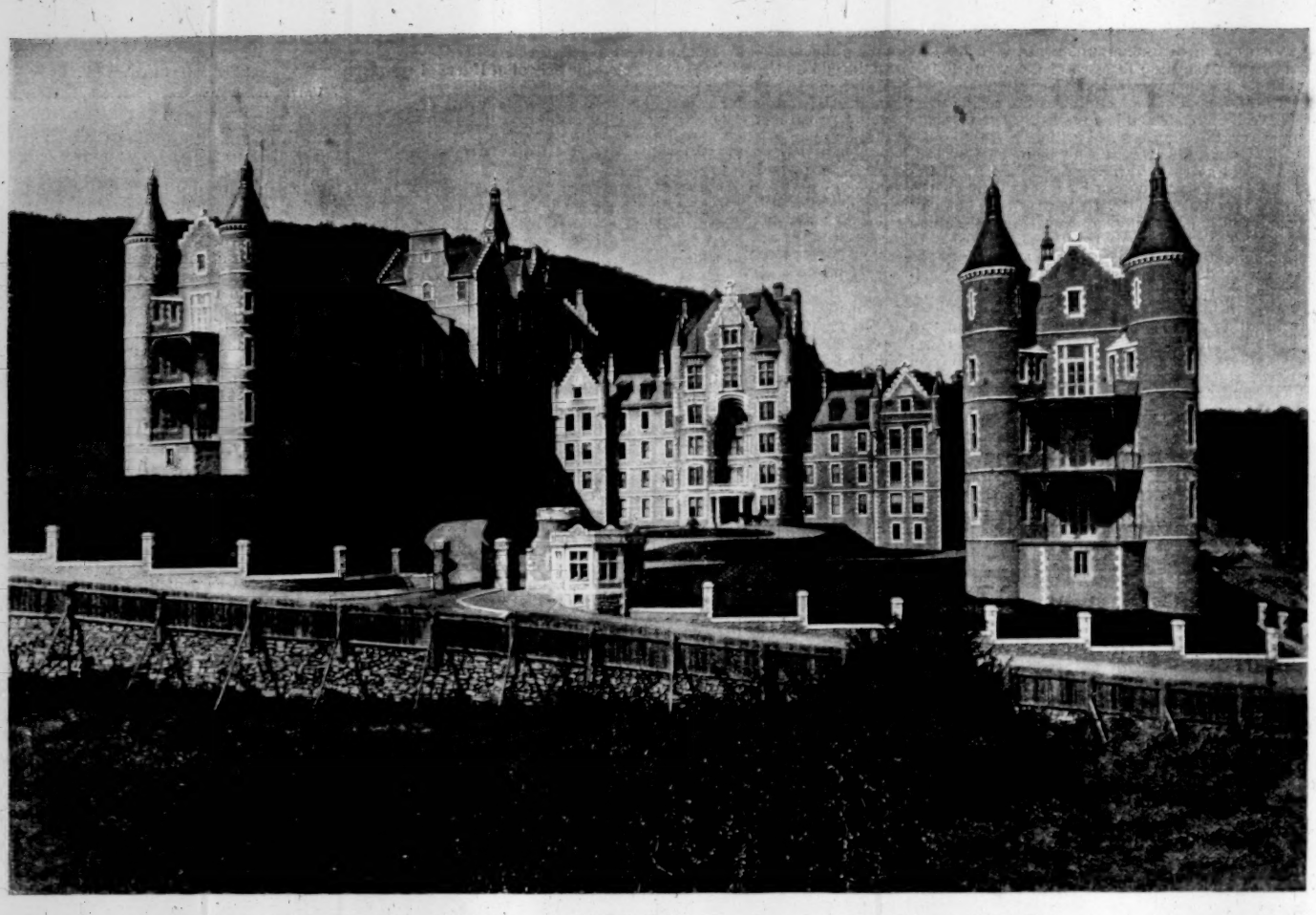
It is proposed, however, in this short series of articles, to call attention merely to some of the objections which may be urged against socialism, even when it is examined in a broad and catholic spirit.

Socialism, the reader should remember, means simply the socialization of the instruments of production, social control over and management of production, social distribution of the national dividend, and private property in individual income. It has nothing to say against capital, but it wishes to abolish capitalists as a distinct class, in order that the profits of capital may accrue to the workers. It seeks likewise to abolish a distinct class of land-owners, in order that what now goes to the landlords may be diffused among the community. Socialism as a contemplated industrial society has no necessary connection with all sorts of vagaries which are too often attached to it, as well by indiscreet friends as by avowed enemies. Consequently the objections ordinarily urged do not touch the real problems involved.

Some of the most serious objections to socialism are psychological in nature. We must consider the difficulties in the way of persuading people to adopt it, even if we grant that once in operation it would be, on the whole, an improvement over the present industrial order. Socialism implies a new world, and consequently new psychological habits. Whereas people have been accustomed to look at the problems of daily life from one stand-point, they must now turn about and look at them from a precisely opposite stand-point. They must learn naturally and spontaneously to reverse their judgments, and the habits of thought to which they are most accustomed. One writer of considerable capacity—indeed, a scholar who has given his life to the study of economics—tells us that it took him several years to understand in its details the programme of the German Social Democracy. It was not that in itself it was so difficult, but that it implied such a new way of viewing the ordinary affairs of life. How long will it take the masses of men to acquire those mental habits and impulses which will correspond with socialism? We have here to do not merely with a question of excellence of character. If we grant that the men who can make socialism work well would not necessarily need to be better than the men who toil and moil in England and the United States, the difficulty still remains.

The concentration of dissatisfaction suggests psychological difficulties of a most serious kind. At the present time the dissatisfaction with goods and services received is diffused among a multitude of persons, and thus the burden is diffused, and its weight is not insupportable. We are enraged at the milkman because he has used his pump too freely, but we forget our rage the next moment because we have received an extortionate gas bill, which turns our indignation into another channel. But presently an excessive charge for poor services rendered by an express company puts in the shade even the most extortionate gas bill, and our dissatisfaction is turned in still another direction. Perhaps troubles in the kitchen may cause the mistress of the house to forget even the imposition of the express company; and thus it goes through life.

We have said that socialism means the socialization of production, and this carries with it the centralization of production. Society as a whole is to be the responsible manager of the production and distribution of wealth. As has often been said, socialists complain not because there is too much centralization of capital, but because the centralization has not been carried far enough. The trust is their model, but they wish the principle the trust represents carried even much further, until a complete unification of industry is reached. Naturally there would be a division of functions; some things would be turned over to the municipality, some to the commonwealth, and some to the nation. And doubtless it is true that the relative importance of the local unit, as city or town, would be greatly increased. Nevertheless, this unification of industrial life would mean a concentration of dissatisfaction. We should distribute our dissatisfaction no longer among an unlimited number of persons, but would always have the government, or, to use a socialistic expression, the collectivity, to blame. Now it is claimed that the psychological result would be dissatisfaction which could not be tolerated. No set of men to whom leadership might be intrusted could withstand the dissatisfaction which would be inevitable. At present people are far more tolerant of abuses of power on the part of private corporations than of those on the part of government, and probably one chief reason is that government has to bear the responsibility for so many things even now. Street-car service of an inferior quality is tolerated in many American cities which, if the street cars were municipalized, would be regarded as unendurable. There is many times the dissatisfaction in Philadelphia with the municipal gas-works which there would be with a private company furnishing the same quality of gas at the same price. While it may not follow from all this that the functions of government should not be increased and a balance secured between public and private industry, it does seem to follow that socialism would be an extremely dangerous experiment with men of the kind with which we have to deal in our present society. It is to be seriously apprehended that under socialism either political revolution would follow political revolution with a rapidity which would make progress impossible, or that the whole new industrial system would be overthrown, and a return made to the discredited social order. Even if it is granted that socialism might produce better results than our present industrial system, this objection would still hold true, for even under the best social system there would necessarily be complaint more or less well grounded.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, MONTREAL.—From a Photograph by Notman & Son, Montreal.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

The Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, which was formally opened by his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 2d of December, is a magnificent building, designed by its architect, Mr. H. Saxon Snell, of London, England, in the best Scottish Baronial style. Situated as it is at the foot, or rather on the slope, of lovely Mount Royal, and overlooking the city and the grand St. Lawrence River, it seems destined fully to carry out the intentions of its founders—"the reception and treatment of sick and injured persons of all races and creeds without distinction." The founders, Sir Donald A. Smith and Lord Mount-Stephen, formerly Sir George Stephen, are both well known in Montreal, and, indeed, over the North American Continent, for their hard work and generous donations for the benefit of humanity. Perhaps the fact that both are Scotchmen had something to do with the architect's selecting the Scottish Baronial as the style of architecture. In 1887, the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, the two founders made known their intention of having this institution erected, and intimated that they would each give $500,000 towards its foundation. The city offered a site on the mountain-side, but this not being considered altogether suitable, and the founders, perhaps, not desiring that others should participate in their benefaction, the present site was purchased by them from the Frothingham estate for $86,000.

LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN.

The buildings and grounds cover an area of twenty-three acres. For the walls, Montreal gray limestone has been used. Contracts were signed on June 18, 1890, and work was begun two days later. The building was practically completed in June, 1892, but it was then decided to make certain additions, which were not finished until the end of the year. In the construction, 200 stone-masons, 80 carpenters, 40 plasterers, 20 steam-fitters, and over 200 laborers were employed. The building itself cost $650,000, the heating, plumbing, and electric wiring $50,000 more, and fixtures, furniture, and machinery about $70,000 additional. While the building is practically in one, there are in reality three separate buildings, the wings being connected with the main structure by stone bridges. The main building will be devoted to the administrative work of the institution. The chief entrance leads into a spacious hall, wide, lofty, well ventilated, and well lighted. The floor is of marble, beautifully tiled and wainscoted. The walls are of cement, and they, together with the ceiling, are delicately tinted. At the head of the staircase leading to the upper stories is a statue of Queen Victoria, ably executed. The staircase referred to adds greatly to the beauty of the hall, and is constructed of slabs of slate bound together with iron straps in such a manner as to unite beauty with strength and at the same time preserve the fire-proof nature of the building, a matter which has been carefully attended to throughout. On the ground-floor, to the left of the main entrance, are the secretary's office and the board-room; on the right, the medical staff's room and the porter's room. On the second floor are situated the lady superintendent's apartments, the nurses' parlor, dining-rooms, and bedrooms. On the third floor access is obtained to the wings from the main edifice by means of the stone bridges. Owing to the sloping nature of the ground, this third floor in the rear is only a few feet above the level of the ground, and here is found the entrance for the patients. Near the doorway are the admission and casualty rooms, where the applicants for admission will be examined by the medical officer, and on being passed by him will be conducted either to the surgical or the medical wing, as the case may be, by means of an elevator large enough to contain a bed and other necessaries. On this floor are also to be found a large waiting-room, medical officers' mess-room, linen-room, work-room, and a few nurses' bedrooms, as also the dispensary. The fourth floor is entirely given up to the nurses, while on the fifth floor are the kitchen, the housekeeper's and cook's quarters, and the servants' dining-hall. The kitchen is an ideal one for a true housekeeper—44 feet long, 26 wide, and 18½ in height. It is fitted up with kitchen utensils and apparatus of the most approved fashion. On the sixth floor are the servants' quarters, and from the windows of this floor a splendid panoramic view is had.

Crossing the bridge to the east the medical wing is entered. Here are found three long wards, alike in every respect, each 123½ feet long, 26½ feet wide, and 14 feet high, and each with accommodation for thirty patients. The floors are of hard wood, thoroughly saturated with boiled linseed oil, which fills up the crevices between the planks and makes the floor like a solid piece of wood. Above each bed hangs an improved contrivance by which the patient can be turned or raised in his bed when necessary. The system of ventilation, it is claimed, is wellnigh perfection. Ducts at regular intervals along the side of the walls lead to a great tunnel running along the bottom of the wing, and opening into an octagonal shaft, which surrounds the smoke-stack, and which is carried up with it to the outer air. The heated air passing up the smoke-stack causes an upward current in the shaft, and thus draws the air from the wards through the ducts into the tunnel. Fresh air is supplied to the wards by ducts similar to those used for the withdrawal of the foul air. At the end of each ward is a room 12 feet long by 16 feet wide, which may be used as necessity shall dictate. The three flats of both wings are alike, with the exception that in the medical wing there is a bright, cozy children's ward, and a medical theatre fitted up with all the most improved appliances, and seated for 250 nurses and students, while in the surgical wing there are a children's ward, several female wards, and a surgical theatre on the ground-floor with accommodation for 300 students. Between the theatre and the ward is a series of rooms—the anæsthetic room, the after-recovery room, the splint-room, the surgeons' private room, and the nurses' private room.

SIR DONALD A. SMITH.

The building is heated by hot water supplied by boilers in the basement of each wing. The sanitary arrangements are considered perfect, as is also the plumbing. From the situation of the hospital there should be no difficulty as to thorough drainage. Not only has everything been done to secure the comfort of patients by all needful and improved appliances, but much attention has been given to the adornment, as far as possible, of the various apartments, so that wearied sufferers may not become still more worn and wearied by gazing on bare and unsightly walls. With all the natural advantages in its favor, and all the appliances of modern science placed at the disposal of a staff of skilled physicians, and erected under the daily and personal supervision of Mr. James R. Rhind, the assistant architect, the Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal should be not only a credit to its founders, its architect, and the city, but a boon and a blessing to suffering humanity. John Burnside.

THE NEW MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

John Patrick Hopkins, the new Mayor of Chicago, is the idol of the Democracy of Cook County. He is regarded by it as the political prophet of the West, and is said by many to be, like President Cleveland, a man of destiny. The President looks upon the vigorous young Westerner as a *protégé* of his, and is said to have taken a keen interest in the recent Chicago election, and especially in Mr. Hopkins's campaign. When Mr. Cleveland heard that the Democrats had won the fight in Chicago he expressed himself as highly gratified.

All this, of course, serves only to bind the Democrats of Chicago more closely to the young Mayor, and accounts, in large measure, for the *eerce* with which they worked for him and voted for him at the polls.

Mr. Hopkins is a Chicago man, but he was born in Mr. Cleveland's ward in Buffalo, which explains the interest manifested in him by the President. He has been rarely successful in business, and, although but thirty-six years of age, has worked himself into a position of ease and affluence attained by the majority of men only at a much later time of life.

He began humbly enough—as lumber laborer on the Chicago River, which start in life, oddly enough, was also claimed by his opponent, George B. Swift. For many years he was in the employ of the Pullman Palace-Car Company in a responsible office, but now he is in business for himself in the financial concern of Hopkins, Secord, & Co. He has never before been a candidate for public office, but often directed small campaigns in the town of Pullman, and in these he betrayed splendid capacity for political work. Once, indeed, he defeated the candidate of George M. Pullman himself, and elected his own candidate—something which had never been done before, and which the shrewdest politician in Chicago would never have admitted as being possible. His ability, therefore, as a manager was well known, and, as he managed his own campaign in the recent fight for the mayoralty of Chicago (a fight which was considered up to the last moment as a peculiarly trying one for the Democracy), the larger scope of that ability has been amply demonstrated.

The new Mayor has promised reform government for the World's Fair town. He says he will elevate all the terminal tracks of the railroads entering the city, clean all the streets and keep them clean, and divorce the police department from politics—three very popular planks of the Democratic platform.

Mr. Hopkins is a handsome man, gentle of manners, reserved in disposition, and a Democrat through and through. That he was of Irish parentage and of Roman Catholic faith were brought out in the campaign. It was also mentioned that he is unmarried. His party friends look upon his future with big eyes. M. A. Lane.

IN THE LOBBY OF THE PALACE HOTEL, CRIPPLE CREEK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 19.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE strong point of the situation which meets the new year seems to lie in its possibilities of improvement. It is a long time, twenty years at least, since there has been a new-year's situation which has been quite the equal of it in that respect. It is a great situation of its kind; but the species is of the sort that impels not so much to meditation as to active interest. When the best that can be said of the times is that they are great times to mend, that is enough to say: the impulse, then, is not so much to discourse as to wade in and mend them. The average adult American does not regret this year that the holidays are over. He couldn't postpone them very well, and he went in and made the best of them for himself and the neighbors, and especially for the children, as he should have done. But down in his heart, now, it is somewhat of a relief to him to be quit of the obligation to be spectacularly gay, and free again to be merely cheerful and to go with fresh energy about the business of making the necessary improvements in existing circumstances. It is a comfort to the citizen, too, that Congress is at work again. However faint may be his hope that Congress can operate successfully on the situation, he is almost unanimously in favor of having it do its best, and get through and carry out its tools and leave the patient in the hands of the nurses. He believes in the nurses, for he is one of them; he believes in the recuperative powers of the patient, for he knows his constitution; he has some doubts about the doctors, but having called them in and put the case in their hands, he knows that he must take the consequences, and the sooner he can get the consequences, and get to work at them, the better he will like it.

So, altogether, the New Year is a sort of a glad new year to the average citizen, because it brings the hope of change, and change to him means activity, and activity, improvement.

There ought to be a special Nemesis exclusively retained to attend to people who give other folks' children cheap toys that are not put together to hold. To spend Christmas afternoon tinkering toys that have fallen to pieces since morning is, but ought not to be, the common lot of fathers of families. Some time, when the millennium begins, the Conscientious Toy Company will undertake the business of making toys that will hang together until they wear out. And people will buy them too, for in the Golden Age the Golden Rule will work both ways, and buyers will be conscientious too.

In view of the jealousy which is supposed to obtain between New York and Chicago, it is interesting to remark the continuous propensity of New-Yorkers to provide for the education of Chicago youth. It is rumored that Mr. Rockefeller, who in these days is certainly open to the imputation of being a New York man, dropped another million the other day into the Christmas stocking of the great Chicago University. At this writing I have not seen the rumor confirmed, but what is familiarly known of Mr. Rockefeller's habits makes it seem likely that it is true.

Another windfall to the same institution from these parts is from the estate of the late William B. Ogden, who, to be sure, was long a resident of Chicago, and was the first Mayor of that aspiring town, but who began life and spent the earlier and the latest years of it in New York State, and largely in New York city. Mr. Ogden, during his lifetime, was a very liberal benefactor of various educational and benevolent institutions in the Northwest, and when he died, in 1877, left further sums to be expended for charities under the direction of his executors. At the suggestion of Mr. Andrew H. Green, his managing executor, it was determined to expend seventy per cent. of these last moneys in founding a scientific school in connection with the University of Chicago which should bear Mr. Ogden's name. In pursuance of this plan nearly a quarter of a million dollars was lately paid over to the university, leaving other payments on the same endowment to follow in the future. In view of this endowment it was arranged that one of the trustees of the university should be the nominee of the executors and trustees of Mr. Ogden's estate, and that part of the plan has been carried out by the election of the Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York. Both Mr. Green and President Harper have aimed to have the school founded on the broadest lines, and to make it widely conducive to the progress of science both in and out of the university. One of the conditions of the endowment is that the choice of professors for the school and the admission of students shall be entirely unaffected by reference to their particular religious beliefs, so that there is no ground for apprehension that the work of the school will be limited in any way by considerations of what is "orthodox" science.

There is a most amusing similarity about most of the addresses of titled Britons at "openings" or dedications. They are always decorous and suitable, but when you have read one opening address by the Prince of Wales you have the pattern from which nine-tenths of the others are adapted. It is a convenience to have them that way, because it fills space for the newspapers, and at the same time saves time for the readers, since no one who has read five or six royal or ducal addresses misses anything if he skips all the rest. Still, there is a handful of Englishmen who say something when they talk, even on stereotyped occasions. Lord Salisbury is one, Mr. Gladstone, of course, is another, and among the others are Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Morley, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Randolph Churchill. But most of these gentlemen have no titles. One more dignitary who has a title and is worth reading when he speaks is Earl Rosebery. He made an excellent address the other day at the dedication of the new municipal building of the parish of St. Mary's, Battersea, wherein he spoke with enthusiasm of the awakening of the municipal spirit in London, which he found to be a consequence of the invention of the London County Council. London, he said, had always had enough political spirit and to spare, but this generation never heard of a Londoner who was proud of being a Londoner until now. London at the mercy of a government by vestries had been a wilderness of houses inhabited by a multitude of men, who knew it simply as their place of industry, toil, or business without any community of feeling or aim. But all that had been changed by the institution of the County Council, wherein Londoners felt that they had "a body, industrious, pure, zealous, practical, to which they could look to carry out their wishes." As a consequence of the institution of the Council there has been a striking revival of municipal spirit. The Londoner has begun to feel interested in his town; and the various parishes which make up the city have begun to vie with one another in the construction of public buildings and costly municipal works.

New York too has been pointed at as the working-place of a multitude of people who were destitute of civic pride. Possibly there is such a renaissance of municipal spirit in store for New York as has come to London. It is conceivable that even this generation shall see a greater New York, which shall include Brooklyn, and the affairs of which shall be administered by a body so industrious, so pure, so zealous, and so practical that New-Yorkers will take new courage, and come to be as proud of Gotham as Chicago men are of Chicago.

One development which impresses visitors as likely to promote such sentiments is the beauty of many of the new buildings. Such structures as the Madison Square Garden, the *Herald* building, the group of office buildings on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street, and some of the new hotels, clubs, apartment-houses, and private residences on upper Fifth Avenue, have added immensely to the sightliness of the town. New York is fast living down the reproach of being a city of brownstone dry-goods boxes. It is attaining to architectural distinction, and growing to be a place that is worth going to see, as well as a town where country people can buy clothes.

In the interest of general knowledge a courteous correspondent writes to explain what the London *Times* meant by saying that an African village was fairly "stuck up" by lions. A recent paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY remarked upon the phrase and on the error of the *Times* in calling it American. Our correspondent says the expression is Australian, and is nearly equivalent to the American expression "held up." The information is of interest, especially as a reminder that "the States" are not the only source of improved contemporary "English."

To find one's self in sympathy with the sentiments of Mr. Richard Croker is not so common a luxury that one may neglect it when it offers. All decent people, it would seem, must have been in sympathy with him in the complaint that he made in a recent newspaper interview of a newspaper which he accuses of telling false and disagreeable stories about his wife. Specifying the latest tale of that nature which the journal complained of had spun, Mr. Croker said:

> "I don't know what possible object the most diseased mind can have for making such infamous attacks as these. But I do know this, and I give fair warning to the man who is responsible for them, that they must stop. I will find some way to protect my family."

If Mr. Croker does find some way to protect his family from this species of assault, it is to be hoped that he will make his method public, so that his fellow-citizens may share its benefits. Whatever objections there may be to his ways of doing business, or to the fashion of his politics, every honest man would rejoice to see him discipline any newspaper that printed a false or impertinent tale about Mrs. Croker. Nothing that the Boss has done so far has forfeited his wife's right to fair play and a reasonable privacy. To assail politicians through their women-folks is not a commendable practice, and if any newspaper has been doing it to Mr. Croker that paper ought to be sat upon very hard.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE MUSICAL SEASON.

IF the current musical season has been remarkable for anything, it has been for an extraordinary revival of activity. The destruction of the Metropolitan Opera-house by fire left the city without a resort in which its social and musical activities could be said to centralize. The reopening of that house this season has restored to the musical centre of the city its most brilliant attraction—brilliant because of public rather than of artistic aspects. If the Metropolitan Opera-house were as profound an art centre as it is brilliant, it would be the most fruitful subject of comment for the present article; but, unfortunately, the public cannot worship art and Mammon at the same shrine with equal fervency. A large part of the public which attends the opera-house does so for social reasons. Those who go for art's sake only find themselves discouraged by the influence of the social element. Nevertheless, the opera-house exerts a large and beneficial influence upon the musical taste of the general public. From it radiates a light which reaches what would otherwise be dark places. Thousands of persons who would never hear good music if there were no opera-house are brought under its influence, perhaps unwittingly. Thus the fondness for a better class of music than is to be heard in theatres and music halls grows unconsciously; and though hundreds or thousands of those who go to the opera may never be led to go to the concert hall, nevertheless there must be many whose intellectual curiosity is aroused, and who seek to know more about music than is to be learned from the lyric drama. Thus, in one sense, the Opera-house is the centre of the city's musical life.

If, therefore, we set out to examine the musical season from a popular point of view, we must necessarily give the Opera-house the first place. The promises of the management as to the production of novelties have not yet been fulfilled, but this is readily accounted for. Having got together a company of remarkable merit, it was natural that the management should for some time rely upon the strength of this company as the principal attraction. It is a pity, but it is true, that the element of personal magnetism is one of the strongest which enters into the popular love for music. People who will not sit through music which is music alone will travel many miles to hear a great singer, pianist, or violinist. A knowledge of this peculiarity is one of the things upon which an opera manager trades, and when musical works are not produced in great numbers, remarkable singers must be got together to make an opera season. Furthermore, what is commonly called "Italian Opera," is seldom successful in America except when it is backed by great names. Messrs. Abbey & Grau showed their appreciation of these facts by bringing to America for the present season one of the strongest companies ever got together. That they themselves did not get it together originally is perhaps not to be accounted to their discredit. They knew a good thing when they saw it, and many opera managers do not. In considering the opera season, then, we must consider individual merits.

If one looks for pure vocal excellence, Madame Melba is undoubtedly the bright particular star of the company. Her voice is beyond question one of the finest, if not the very finest, ever heard by this public. Wonderfully pure and powerful, it is absolutely perfect in the equalization of its registers, and is marvellously sweet in quality throughout its compass. Her voice-production is beyond all criticism, and her phrasing is almost without a flaw. For smoothness, ease, and facile power, her delivery will bear comparison with that of any of the great sopranos whose names old opera goers utter with reverence. Comparison is a very poor kind of criticism, but it often conveys information; therefore, it may be said that Madame Melba is not only the successor of Madame Patti, but in most respects fully her equal. Certainly Madame Patti never sang the cadenza in *Lucia* more brilliantly than did Madame Melba at her first appearance. That she has not proved a potent attraction to the public is only an evidence that the old star system no longer exerts its sway. The public now demands a good *ensemble*, and it is the operas in which this has been provided that have drawn the largest houses, though, perhaps, not always the most profitable to the management. A cast in which all the singers are stars costs money.

The dramatic soprano of the company is Madame Calvé, and to those who seriously regard the opera as a musical drama her work has been a surprise and a delight. While her vocal equipments and accomplishments are considerably inferior to those of Madame Melba, she has the dramatic power which enables her to move and to arouse an audience. It is not too much to say that she is the greatest dramatic soprano who has been heard in this city since Tietjens. To find singers who may be compared with her one is forced to go to the Germans, for there is no one on the so-called Italian stage who approaches her in variety and picturesqueness of action and vocal delivery. Her voice, though not of uncommon beauty, lends itself readily to her dramatic designs, and becomes a most flexible instrument for the play of her passion. She colors her vocalization in the most marvellous manner, while in action, gesture, and facial expression she proves herself to be a consummate actress.

M. Plancon, the new basso, is an artist of more than ordinary ability. His voice is a smooth and sonorous one, and his singing is notable for its exquisite finish. Of the other members of the company who are new to us it is only necessary to say that Signor De Lucia and Signor Ancona display strong dramatic ability coupled with moderate vocal power. All the old members of the company—I mean by "old" those who were with us in Mr. Abbey's last season—are, if anything, in better condition than they were when they were here before. The Messrs. De Reszké and Lassalle and Madame Eames are all singing admirably. It will be seen, then, that with such artists as these the opera season, in the absence of new works, is bound to depend upon strong individual attraction. The mistake of the management in the beginning was in trying to attract the public with casts composed of one or two stars and a background of nonentities. It was speedily shown that the public had no taste for this kind of entertainment. Seven years of German opera had taught them to look for dramatic illusion on the lyric stage. The managers of the opera, realizing this, began to put forward casts embracing several of their best singers at once. In *Carmen*, given on December 20th, the full power of the company was revealed. Madame Calvé, Madame Eames, and Messrs. De Reszké and Lassalle, aided by several of the most competent of secondary singers, gave a performance which will ever be memorable in the musical annals of this city for its exquisite vocal beauty and its tremendous dramatic power.

Outside of the opera the most important work of the present season has been done by the Philharmonic Society. The production of Dr. Dvorak's American Symphony was something to which any musical organization in the world might look back with pride. Laying aside for the moment the question whether it can fairly be called American music, there can be no dispute as to its excellence. Dr. Dvorak's Fifth Symphony will probably be counted his best. The themes are exquisitely melodious, and the treatment is superb in its ingenuity, consistency, and artistic effect. The last movement alone is a complete and convincing proof of the composer's genius. In it all the material developed in the three previous movements, as well as new ideas brought forward within itself, is moulded together in a way which has never been excelled, if it has been equalled, by any other writer. The musicianship displayed in this movement is simply masterly. Again, the second movement is so full of poetry that one cares little whether the national element is strong in it or not. Its beauty is a sufficient cause for its existence.

But since it was Dr. Dvorak's purpose to write national music for us, we are compelled to ask what method he has chosen. Some time ago he stated that it was his belief that the negro melodies would furnish to American composers that basis of folk-music which was otherwise wanting in this country. It is generally conceded that a national school of composition must be founded on the music which springs spontaneously from the people. In America the people form a composite mass, or rather they are a gathering of elements which most of us hope will become composite in the future. We have French, German, Norwegian, Irish, and Celtic folk-music, but it does not belong to the people at large, nor does it appeal to them. The only folk-music which springs from the American soil is the negro melody. Dr. Dvorak, seeing this condition, announced his purpose of writing a symphony founded on these themes. To them he has added a snatch or two of Indian chant. When he made his announcement some persons said that the experiment had already been tried and had failed. They were thinking of certain American composers who had endeavored to use extant tunes which did not lend themselves readily to symphonic treatment. Dr. Dvorak had already shown in his Bohemian symphonies that he knew better than to try to use inflexible material simply because it was ready to hand. What the Doctor has done is to saturate himself with the spirit and color of negro and Indian music. Furthermore, he has given himself up thoroughly to the influence of American scenery, customs, feelings, and literature. Having absorbed the spirit of the music, he set himself to invent his own themes. The principal melodies of his symphony are in rhythm and melodic character, faithful reproductions of plantation and prairie music; but they are entirely original. With these themes devised out of a large experience to meet the requirements of symphonic development and construction, Dr. Dvorak has endeavored to build a symphony whose musical spirit and feeling voice his conception of Americanism as revealed by the national character and literature. The first and last movements of the symphony are full of energy and resolution. The last movement, in particular, is majestic in its proclamation of the national strength and will. The second movement was inspired by a reading of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." There can be no doubt that the picture which was before the composer's mind in the composition of this movement was the Western prairie, with all its vastness, desola-

tion, and memories of early struggle. The third movement is purely conventional in form, but the negro and Indian color is preserved. In it one hears the good humor of the American people in holiday attire. Undoubtedly the work will be heard again, and that, too, at an early date, and it will well repay further study.

Aside from the opera and this new symphony, the current musical season, while extremely active, has brought forth nothing which demands much comment. Mr. De Pachmann has resumed his peculiar but always interesting piano playing, and has excited curiosity, if not unlimited praise, by his revival of a forgotten concerto by Hummel. The Kneisel Quartet produced, at its second concert, an admirable sextuor for strings, by C. M. Loeffler, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The only other incident of the musical season thus far which calls for mention—and mention only—was the revival by the Oratorial Society of Edward Grell's *Missa Solemnis*.

W. J. HENDERSON.

PLOUGHING-CAMELS.

COLONEL DODGE in his *Riders of Many Lands* has pointed out the curious fact, not generally understood, that the horse is a comparatively recent factor in Egyptian labor or transportation. He was unknown on the banks of the Nile until the coming of the Shepherd Kings, about seventeen hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era, and no representation of the war-steed, or of the horse in any capacity, is to be found in the more ancient monuments in the land of the Pharaohs. Even to this day the camel is a much more familiar object on the plains and in the cities of Egypt, both for riding and as a beast of burden; and he is not unfrequently seen dragging the plough, sometimes hitched to an ox, sometimes hitched to an ass, now and then hitched to a man-servant, but generally hitched to one of his own species. He is in every capacity in which he is found invariably more useful than ornamental, and he is never amiable. Whatever he does is done in an ungainly and ill-tempered manner; his driver does not find him a tractable object before the plough, and how uncomfortable he is under the saddle nearly every living American witnessed for himself last year in the street called Cairo as it was exhibited at the World's Fair. It is all very well for travellers to talk of the docility and of the sagacity of the camel on his native sands; to say that he is to the Arabs what the reindeer is to the Esquimaux and the Laplanders—the principal source of their happiness. No doubt he does furnish them with food, with raiment, with fuel, with tents, with domestic utensils; unquestionably he does transport them from place to place, carry their merchandise, plough their lands; he certainly does enable them to make war upon their neighbors, and assist them in defending their wives and their children and their household gods. But he is anything but docile, even if he is sagacious; and the unsuspecting American traveller whose coat was eaten off his back, and whose flesh narrowly escaped being consumed, by the principal source of happiness of one particular Arab in the streets of Luxor last winter, is inclined to believe that the docility of the camel is greatly exaggerated, and that his sagacity is sometimes misapplied.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD CAMP.

IT seemed, a few months ago, as if the Colorado Pandora had opened her box, and all its treasures had flown from it, leaving only one little lump of earth dotted with shining particles. This was Colorado's Hope, and its presence has caused a whole State to buckle and girth itself anew for a life struggle.

To the Cripple Creek gold fields all eyes in the State are now turned for prosperity. Its location is directly back of Pike's Peak, twenty-five miles west from Colorado Springs. It is reached to-day by two stage routes—one, eighteen miles long, starting from Divide, the nearest railroad station, and the other, twenty-five miles long, from Colorado Springs, leading over the magnificent Cheyenne road.

The town is composed principally of one-story three-roomed houses, most of them unpainted. These houses, when not of the log-cabin type, are built of matched boards inside and out.

As the town is nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, life in tents is rarely ventured. From a sanitary point of view Cripple Creek to-day is as deformed as its name, since there is absolutely no system of drainage. The function of garbage-man is performed by burros, known there as "mountain canaries," who wander at will from house to house and camp to camp, devouring kitchen refuse, which has been conveniently thrown on the "front lawns." Fortunately, steps are now being taken to remedy this sanitary evil, serious results from which are tempered by altitude, bitter cold nights, and invigorating days.

The water main necessary to furnish Cripple Creek with a supply is about completed, though, oddly enough, the town has been lighted by electricity since a dozen houses or more dignified it with a name.

The gold fields of Cripple Creek cover an area of twelve miles, embracing half a dozen towns or suburbs radiating from the main town with its wounded name. Such tributary settlements are located in the individualized precincts of Poverty Gulch, Anaconda, Victor, Altman, and Squaw Gulch.

Roughly estimating it to-day, one would undoubtedly be below the figure by stating that the population numbered about 6000.

The settlement cannot boast of many refined women. There is a handful of them, however, who have been unselfish enough to share the privations of their husbands, and their presence and influence are the camp's worship.

Regarding the gold ore, experts seem to agree that its existence in the geological formations at Cripple Creek is in direct contradiction to known theories; they are often puzzled, and certain formations are discovered, which if seen in other sections would preclude the possibility of finding gold, but here rich developments follow. Speaking broadly, the general character of the ore is a "low-grade proposition," but, as an expert put it, "everlasting."

With the advent of the railroad, now being pushed to completion as far as Midland, which will reduce the freight haul from eighteen miles to ten, much of the low-grade ore can be handled, and if, as is promised, this road will extend into Cripple Creek by spring, all ores of any value can be handled, and the career of this mountain settlement will promise fair to be one which will make the small lump of earth left in Pandora's box worth more than all the good things which have seemingly escaped, and for which there has been so much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

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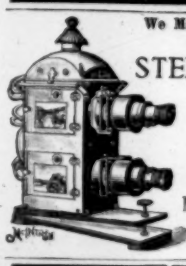

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JIM HAGARD'S PATENT LEGS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE Eaters had had their fill, and, as it was too early for them to disband for the night, they fell to talking over their coffee. Caddy Barlow, who had no other business than holding his imagination in check, began to discourse learnedly on the subject of invention, and the conversation soon became general. The only man of the twelve at the board who seemed to be shy on the subject was the club's guest, Mr. Bouverie, a London publisher visiting in New York. He was too fond of facts to do good work in a discussion in which eleven alert American minds untrammelled by any particular love of truth formed so large a part.

"What an inventive age this is, anyhow!" ventured Parsons, the editor of the *Weekly Gossip*. "Particularly here in America every one seems to be going into invention, if not as a means of livelihood, at least as a diversion."

"That's very true," said Valentine, who may be remembered as the author of a highly successful paper-covered

"JIM HAD TO GET A MOUNTED POLICEMAN TO CHASE AND CAPTURE THEM FOR HIM."

novel of four hundred pages that appeared last season, the name of which, however, escapes me; "but so far as I have been able to discover, very few of these people are doing anything which results beneficially for individuals. The drudgery of writing a novel, for instance, has not been lessened in any respect. Of course the type-writer is an aid to some people, but to the rank and file of authors it is of no use whatsoever. I could no more sit down before a type-writing machine and play a novel as I would a piece of music than I could fly. It would be a great thing if some of these clever electricians could invent a machine which could be attached by wires to brain and paper, so that the mere exercise of the mental faculties would cause the results thereof to be transferred to paper."

"Of course it would," said Jemmison, a professional poet whose verses find a ready market always among advertisers. "And then the mind is just like a field in many respects. You can't raise anything from it unless you have ploughed it up, harrowed it, planted it, and kept it well irrigated. Why can't some clever agriculturist invent a brain plough and a cerebellum harrow; shake some old tree of thought and get some ideas in the seed, plant them in the brain, and raise novels and poems and philosophical works? If you get Valentine's thought-transmitter, you might as well go the whole way and turn the mind into a farm."

"It is easy enough for you poets to talk," returned Valentine. "You fellows don't know what literary drudgery is. You get your thought, choose your form, set your mind swinging to its metre, and write."

"The poet's drudgery comes trying to secure a publisher, I guess," suggested Barlow.

"Well, all branches of human endeavor are attended with drudgery of one kind or another," said Jackson, by virtue of his appetite President of the Eaters. "And it has been my observation that it isn't a bad thing after all. It is a great aid to digestion, and a real good physical weariness is to me one of the delights of life. If you do away with drudgery you encourage laziness, and laziness ought to be the especial plum of an eleventh commandment. But speaking of inventions, did I ever tell you about Jim Hagard's patent legs?"

"Dear me! His patent what?" said Mr. Bouverie, who appeared to think his ears had deceived him.

"Patent legs," said Jackson, with the confidence of one who knows he is right. "Jim Hagard's patent legs was what I said, and I repeat it. Jim Hagard patented a pair of legs once for a friend of his, and it is of them that I speak. You all know Jim Hagard, I think?"

It seemed that the Americans at the board knew Jim Hagard well. Mr. Bouverie, however, confessed his ignorance of the existence of any such person.

"Then you have missed one of the sights of America," said Jackson. "To come to America and not see Jim Hagard is like going to Rome and failing to see the Colosseum. I think Jim comes nearer to the Englishman's idea of Americans than any man I know. He is utterly free from conventions. Doesn't care a rap for rules, does what he pleases, goes where he pleases, and in the matter of inventive genius he is without an equal. Unlike most men of his kind, he always does what he sets his mind on doing. If he ever fails in anything, his friends know that when he started in he had no wish to succeed. I verily believe that if Jim Hagard made up his mind to count the grains of sand on the New Jersey coast, he would find a way to do it."

"Really now!" ejaculated Mr. Bouverie. "What a wonderful fellow this Mr. Hagard must be!"

"Please don't call him Mister," said Barlow, pleadingly. "Jim and Mister are wider than the poles apart. There isn't any title but Jim that fits him."

Mr. Bouverie promised with a loud laugh, and Jackson resumed:

"One of Jim's favorite pastimes used to be, if it is not now, spending an hour or two in the dime museums each day, studying the freaks there. I think he must regard himself as something of a freak, and it gives him a great deal of sympathy with those who are physically formed as he is intellectually. At any rate, whatever it was that gave him a liking for these people, the fact remains that for a year or two Jim preferred the society of the ossified man and the dog-faced boy to that of any of us, and when you remember that he was as fond of us as we are of each other, you may get some idea of his fondness for them. In time he managed to become intimately acquainted with many of these people. I have seen him lunching with the elastic man and the skeleton dude many a time, and once I encountered him at Coney Island with no less a person than the glass-eater, who was then a reigning attraction in the Bowery. The glass-eater was the first and only freak I ever met, and it was upon that occasion that I was introduced to him. We walked about the island together, and I found my new acquaintance a very attractive fellow—a little coarse in his manner, perhaps, but, considering what he was, not a bad companion in any way. That he and Jim were on very friendly terms was apparent when we entered the hotel to dine, and Jim got up a special menu for his guest, which he said he would order. Among other things on this extraordinary list was a half-dozen tumblers on the half shell, two cases of the best French plate-glass roasted, a fried pier-glass with mushrooms, and for olives he had provided glass agates. His freak friend seemed very much pleased with this menu—"

"You don't mean to say the man ate that?" cried Mr. Bouverie, aghast.

"No," Jackson replied. "He didn't get the chance. He declined Jim's offer, and said that he never ate shop in private life. But all this will go to show you how Jim came to invent the patent legs. In the course of his various intimacies with the freaks it was not unnatural that he should get to know the legless man pretty well, and that always wanting to do what nobody else ever thought of doing, he should wish to go walking with that man. As he said to me, the minute he set eyes upon this legless creature sitting up on the platform exhibiting his leglessness to the populace for a small weekly stipend, he was seized with a mad desire to challenge the freak to a hundred yards' dash with him up the Bowery. Of course he didn't do any such absurd thing, because it would seem like bantering a man on his afflictions, and Jim never did a mean thing in his life. Sympathy for the legless man seized upon his soul. He had been sorry for the tattooed man—the human chromo, Jim called him; he had felt pity for the skeleton dude and the two-headed man, whose hats cost him twice what others' hats cost; but, after all, these men could walk about and enjoy life in a certain sort of way, but the legless man could not. He was compelled to lead a sedentary life. If he moved about, he had to do so in a wheeling-chair or on his hands, neither of which was pleasant, and Jim, like a good soul, gave the man his sympathy, cultivated his acquaintance, and one day when the freak was resting, called at his home with a hansom, and took him for a drive in Central Park. It was then that the great idea for the patent legs came to Jim. He led his guest on in talking of himself to express his regret that he was not as other men were. The freak waxed quite eloquent over his condition, and assured Jim that he would rather starve with legs than be sure of a perpetual engagement at $25 a week without them. He didn't like being a freak, he said, but there was nothing else he could do. Type-writing was out of the question, because the successful type-writer had to do a certain amount of walking around, and besides, his education had been neglected, and he didn't know how to spell very well. Other things that were open to him he

"THIS TIME IT WORKED, BUT SO SUDDENLY THAT HE WAS THROWN COMPLETELY OFF THE LEGS."

could not, for various reasons, which he gave, engage in, so that there was nothing for him to do but be a freak. What was worse, he was in love with his landlady's daughter, but could never get near enough to her to court her, could never take her walking, or pay her any of the attentions which a sweetheart has a right to expect, simply because he could not move about. He observed, Jim told me, with a trembling voice that it would never do for a young man to take his best girl to the theatre and be compelled to ask her to carry him out at the close of the play, or pay an usher a half-dollar to perform the same services for him. That enabled Jim to ask him why he didn't buy a pair of artificial legs. The freak's reply acquainted him with the fact that there were none made that would suit his poor friend's build. He might buy a pair of the finest wooden legs in the world, but nowhere under existing circumstances could he purchase the power to make them go.

"'Well, I'll get you a pair,' said Jim, in his impulsive way, and having pledged his word, he had to keep it, and to keep it there was but one thing to do, and that was to invent the legs. So he went to work. He thought about them sleeping and awake for weeks, and finally he got what he wanted in the way of a model. It was a simple contrivance, and required of the wearer only that he should maintain his balance, the legs working themselves by means of an ingenious mechanism of which Jim was very proud. The mechanism was situated in the back, and was set working by a key, while a series of buttons placed at the side regulated its speed. With no one aboard of them the legs could walk a mile in five minutes, and when set to running pace could do it in half that time. At the first test, which took place on one of the broad avenues in the upper part of the city, at five o'clock in the morning, when no one was about, they got going at such a pace that Jim had to get a mounted policeman to chase and capture them for him. If he hadn't they would have run on until they got into the Harlem River or collided with something, neither of which would have pleased their inventor, though he was delighted to note the wonderful speed they developed. If they could run a mile in two and a half minutes unoccupied, there wasn't any reason for doubting that, guided by an intelligent rider, they could get over the same ground in three minutes, which was a speed which no human legs had ever attained.

"Then the freak tried them, and after one or two falls, which did no more damage than tumbling off a bicycle does to most men, he got them to work to his and to Jim's satisfaction. Everything would have been all right then for the freak if, in an unhappy moment, Jim had not let him into the secret of the capabilities of the legs in the matter of speed. It happened that the freak was of sporty inclinations, and his thirst to distinguish himself on the athletic field was great in proportion to his hitherto inability to do anything in that line, and without telling Hagard anything about his intentions, after he had got the legs under perfect control, he entered his name in several open running events, and of course beat everybody he came in contact with. Hagard knew nothing about his doing this until he went to a field meeting of a prominent athletic club one day to see the new sprinter every one was talking about, and was much upset to discover that it was no one but his legless friend and his patent runners, by whom all the old records were being smashed. He felt a great deal of pride, of course, in seeing the results of his handiwork, but he was too honest to feel easy about being a party to an imposition upon the public and the other contestants in the races."

"Couldn't people see that the man's legs weren't real?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"No," returned Jackson. "That was impossible, because habit had made the freak perfectly at home upon them, and their action was as graceful as that of a man."

"But didn't he wear running trousers?" asked Jemmison.

"No," said Jackson. "That added a great deal to the wonder of his performance in the public mind. He always did his running in broadcloth trousers."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Dr. Robinson.

"Hagard told me so himself," said Jackson. "The first race he went into, the grand stand was convulsed to see the fellow come up to the starting-line with long black trousers on; but when he got running they changed their tune. Such speed was never seen before; and finally the man became a professional. Hagard tried to interfere, but couldn't. His good-nature prevented him from exposing the freak, but he broke with him when his *protégé* declined to give up running for a living."

"And wasn't the man ever found out?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"Oh yes; I'm coming to that," said Jackson. "He came very near being found out in one race when he had forgotten to wind the legs up. They ran down right in the middle of a two-mile run, and the poor devil who was using them couldn't move a step. Fortunately he had presence of mind to topple over backwards in an imitation faint, and so got himself carried off the field into the dressing-room, where he could wind his legs up again without being observed. But his real fall came about two months after, when the legs ran away with him. Some portion of the mechanism broke as he was making a tremendous spurt on the homestretch, and the button he used to slow up with after the finish wouldn't work, and he kept on, utterly powerless to stop. The crowd yelled, the judge kept calling to him that the race was over, but on he sped. Then two policemen tried to stop him in his mad career, because, of course, his continued occupancy of the track interfered with the progress of the games. They might as well have tried to stop the wind. He went right into them; they went down, and he went over. He would have thrown himself down if he had dared, but he didn't, because he was going at such a rate that he must surely have slid a hundred yards after hitting the ground, and even then his legs would have kept on moving like a couple of flails until they ran down or were secured by ropes, in either of which cases discovery was not only possible but extremely probable. So on he ran. The distance to be covered was a mile, and he had run five, and finally in despair he gave one more wild push at the button. This time it worked, but so suddenly that he was thrown completely off the legs, broadcloth trousers and all, to land among the startled spectators in front of the grand stand. The legs remained standing just where they stopped. There was a groan of dismay from the crowd, who had never seen anything of this sort at an athletic meeting bef e. To have a man run four miles too far in a mile race was bad enough, but to have him stop so suddenly right before their eyes that he broke in two was too much. It broke up the meeting, and it was not until the newspapers told the story the next day that every one understood what had really happened, and learned that what they had witnessed was not a tragedy, but a farce."

"And what became of the poor fellow?" asked Bouverie.

"I don't know. I imagine he became a freak again," replied Jackson.

"And the legs, who has them?" queried Lieutenant Gerald, the naval attaché of the Eaters.

"That I don't know either," said Jackson. "Jim never told me."

"Well, say, Jack," observed Barlow, "is this a—er—a true story?"

"Jim Hagard says it is," Jackson replied, slowly.

"In that case," said Valentine, with a smile, "Mr. Bouverie would better take it with a barrel of salt. Jim is very fond of seasoning."

PLOUGHING WITH CAMELS IN EGYPT.—[See Page 19.]

SOUTH AFRICA AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

It may be regarded as absolutely certain that the South African colored individual known as King Lo Bengula, notwithstanding his experience at managing sixty wives, will sooner or later have to submit to the British forces. And it will probably occur sooner rather than later. If the colored monarch was a student of history he would know that the chief recreation of John Bull for a century has been found in taking his fowling-piece and game-bag and going out after a mess of colored potentates. He recognizes no close season in this variety of sport, and he invariably comes back with the game on the inside of the bag and a smile on the face of J. B. The best thing Lo Bengula can do is to compromise, save as many wives as he can out of the wreck, give up his title of king, and take some such unobtrusive title as governor, deputy marshal, justice of the peace, or whatever the British see fit to allow him.

The stilling of Lo Bengula promises to open a large territory to settlers, and already we observe considerable speculation in the newspapers as to the prospects for settlers from this country. The region is said to abound in gold mines, diamond quarries, and other desirable terrestrial openings. These are good and seemly things in their way, but the prudent emigrant will be apt to inquire if there is anything to eat in the country. Diamonds in the rough cannot be looked upon as an article of diet, except, perhaps, for the domestic hen; and we fail to see any reason for entertaining the belief that a diamond-fattened hen would be any better than the ordinary gravel-fed hen.

But supposing the question of food supply settled satisfactorily, there remain many other grave problems confronting the expectant emigrant to South Africa. Chief of these, we should say, would be the nightly fighting and meowing of tigers on the back fence. Indeed, it seems probable that in the exaggerated and ridiculous animals of South Africa is to be found the real reason for giving the prospective settler pause. The tiger idea just put forward, we presume, will cause many to give up the move. Who that hath listened to the common domestic cat—and who hath not?—on the back fence of a night would care to encounter the same thing intensified fiftyfold? It would be maddening, especially if they got under the house, and bumped their heads up against the floor as they fought. This, with leopards and—but the subject is too harrowing.

We presume that the lion would scarcely condescend to roost lengthwise of a rear fence at three o'clock in the morning, with the hair on his back standing up while he yowled defiance at another lion, as we have just shown that the tiger is wont to do; but the lion, nevertheless, is not a desirable neighbor. A close perusal of hunting stories, extending over a term of years, has led us to believe that the African lion spends his entire time lashing his sides with his tail. The sharp "swish" of the lion's tail as it cuts the air, together with the hollow thump as it beats his royal ribs, will also be found annoying to those not accustomed to it. Besides, while prospecting for a new diamond mine, or for a tenderfoot to whom an old diamond mine can be sold, the danger of being knocked over by the impetuous sweep of an enraged lion's tail must be considerable.

But of course these absurd overgrown cats are not the only wild animals which infest South Africa. It is a warm country, and necessarily houses must be more or less open; but no doubt it will be comparatively easy to get accustomed to having elephants reach in at the dining-room windows and steal the mineral-water off the sideboard. Or the mineral-water can be kept down cellar, though the monkeys will be apt to get it wherever it is stored. But privacy with giraffes looking in the second-story windows will be impossible. We may be unduly apprehensive, but it seems to us that the hippopotami are going to be somewhat rough on the gardens; and the way in which a rhinoceros will be able to walk along down a line of drying clothes and carry them off impaled on his horn will be calculated to drive a housewife mad. The possession of a gravel-walk made of uncut diamonds could scarcely compensate. It might be possible to fence out many of these obnoxious beasts with barbed wire, but in this case there would be the constant danger of the ostriches picking off the barbs for breakfast. And speaking of ostriches calls up another possible terror for the nervous man. We refer to the cackle of the female ostrich as she flies off the nest. This must be deafening if she cackles in proportion to her size, something, however, which she may not do. African travellers are so much taken up with slashing the tails of their lions about in the air that they wholly neglect to tell us of the habits of the ostrich in this respect. But it is going to be noisy enough anyhow, without the ostrich cackle. South Africa may be an excellent place for residence, but it can do no harm to look into certain points before rushing off to it.

AMATEUR SPORT

The year of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-three will always be memorable in the history of American amateur sport for being the one in which the *America's* Cup was again successfully defended against a British challenger. We shall always remember the sportsmanship of Lord Dunraven in challenging for the international trophy after the discouraging failures of so many of his countrymen. He sent over, in the *Valkyrie*, the fastest and best all-round cutter that ever sailed into New York Harbor, and American yachtsmen will not soon forget the fine qualities she displayed in the series of cup races.

We shall always remember, too, the sportsmanship and patriotism of Messrs. Oliver Iselin, Commodore E. D. Morgan, Archie Rogers, General Paine, and August Belmont, who gave us the best three creations of American yacht-designers from which to choose a defender of the *America's* Cup. Nor, in this retrospect of the sporting year of '93, are these the only yachtsmen toward whom American sportsmen have cause for feeling grateful. There are the several others who were part owners in one or the other of the cup-defenders; and there is Royal Phelps Carroll, who, out of his own pocket, built *Navahoe*, and sailed across to British waters to race for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, which were carried away several years ago by the Englishmen. Mr. Carroll was successful in winning only one of the cups, but the history of his experience in English racing waters is a story of plucky persistence.

There is no need to tell here how *Vigilant*, in the five races for the *America's* Cup, demonstrated her superiority over the British challenger, *Valkyrie*. It is an old story to Americans long before this time. It only remains to say, in this summing up of the year, that it was the most consummate victory American yacht-designers had ever attained; for the Englishman was beaten in the points of sailing on which he most prided himself. For all that, however, *Valkyrie* is a fine boat and a worthy rival, and we are promised more good sport in the early yachting season of '94, for the cutter is wintering with us, and Lord Dunraven will put her in commission at the earliest moment.

From a cruising and a camping point of view, the canoe season was very successful—the annual meet in the St. Lawrence being one of the best managed in the history of the American Canoe Association. The racing was good, but contestants fewer than in any previous season, owing to the ultra-development of the racing craft. There was no contest for the International trophy.

Turning now to the ice-yachting season of '93, we find the Challenge Pennant of America, for the first time since '87, flying from the peak of another boat than *Icicle*. The eleventh race for the pennant, on February 9, 1893, was won easily by *Jack Frost*, against *Shadow* (cat), *Dragon*, *Blitzen*, *Northern Light*, and *Icicle*. The start was made under new rules, not understood by the helmsman of *Icicle*, who, on the first run over the course, was ruled out. It would have been particularly interesting had *Icicle* remained in the race, for *Jack Frost* and *Icicle* seemed undoubtedly the fastest boats on the river. If there is good ice this present season we are certain of the most interesting races for the pennant that have ever been held, for the Carthage I. Y. Club has challenged with *Ranger* (lateen), and the Orange Lake I. Y. Club has done likewise with *Shadow*, and the contest between the lateen, cat, and sloop rigged yachts, as represented by *Icicle*, *Jack Frost*, *Shadow*, and *Ranger*, will be worth seeing, as these are considered the fastest four boats on the Atlantic coast.

Surprises seemed to be the order of the day on the ice in the season of '93, but none equalled that occasioned by the defeat of Joseph Donoghue, who was easily beaten skating at five miles by that phenomenal cyclist J. S. Johnson, in time almost three minutes slower than his best. This Johnson is altogether a phenomenal young man. It is to be regretted that his amateur standing is not unquestioned. He first sprang into prominence a couple of years ago as a cyclist, and, in the hands of a professional "manager," and under the care of a professional trainer, wheeled off some records that were startling. The performances of other cyclers since then have made his achievements seem less remarkable; but the fact remains that Johnson is one of the fastest racers in America. Last winter he turned his attention to racing on steel runners instead of on pneumatic tires, and he turned out to be quite as much a wonder in this sport as in the other. Like all the rest of this class of men who make a living under the pretence of riding for sport, he devotes all his time to training, and is therefore always fit. What will come about this winter is hard to say. Donoghue seems to be ready to forsake his amateur standing the moment a sufficiently tempting purse is offered, and

ICE YACHT CLUB RACES FOR CHALLENGE PENNANT OF AMERICA.

Date.	Name.	Owner.	Challenging Club.	Winning Club.	Course.	Miles	Time. h. m's.	Wind.	Condition of Ice.
March 5, 1881..	Phantom.....	Wm. Van Dyck.	P.I.Y.C.	N.H.I.Y.C.	N.H.I.Y.C.	12	57.14	Light W.S.W	Soft.
February 5, 1883..	Avalanche.....	E. H. Sanford....	P.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	N.H.I.Y.C.	20	57.00	Steady S.	Hard.
" 23, 1883..	Jack Frost.....	A. Rogers.....	N.S.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	15	1.14.35	Strong N.	Hard.
" 9, 1884..	Haze	A. Innis.....	N.S.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	21	1.03.20	Steady S.S.E.	Hard.
" 14, 1885..	Haze	A. Innis.....	N.H.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C	20	1.01.55	Strong N.	Hard.
" 18, 1883..	Northern Light	J. C. Barron....	N.S.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	N.H.I.Y.C.	18	1.08.42	Steady N.	Hard.
" 14, 1887..	Jack Frost....	A. Rogers.....	H.R.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	P.I.Y.C.	16	42.40	Steady S.	Hard.
March 8, 1888..	Icicle	J. A. Roosevelt...	N.S.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	12	36.59	Strong N.W.	Soft.
February 25, 1889..	Icicle	J. A. Roosevelt...	N.S.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	18	54.01	Steady N.	Hard.
" 5, 1892..	Icicle	J. A. Roosevelt...	N.S.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	20	46.19	Strong N.	Snowy.
" 9, 1893..	Jack Frost.....	A. Rogers.....	O.L.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	H.R.I.Y.C.	20	49.30	Steady S.	Hard.

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gurdon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

Johnson has been reported as willing to race any professional in the world.

The figure-skating championship lacked the brilliancy of former years, for neither Lewis Rubenstein nor George Phillips was a competitor, as both have retired. Bacon, who won, is a New England skater who is well known, and is really one of the most graceful all-round men on the ice that we have had, some of his figures being particularly good. He was very close the year before to Phillips, and had already beaten Moses (brother of Lewis) Rubenstein.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION boxing and wrestling championships brought out a sorry lot of competitors. The boxers showed absolutely no improvement whatever. They were of the same class of sluggers we have seen on the boards every year, with the same old hit-or-miss windmill style. There were not over a half-dozen who had any pretence whatever to form, and of these only three, I think, to be precise, were first class. The rest were simply of the windmill order. As for the wrestlers, the average of skill was equally small. The Philadelphia club had one or two good representatives, and there were a few good men from New York, but the management of the championships was very poor.

The fencing championships brought out, as usual, contestants among whom the number of gentlemen was much greater, and for that let us be thankful; but from the point of skill and from the point of improvement in form, they had no advantage over the boxing and the wrestling exhibitions. It is sorrowful to be obliged to record year after year that the public performances in amateur boxing, wrestling, and fencing show absolutely no improvement. It is easy enough to understand why it is so in boxing, for the class of men that we see are not of the order of beings who improve. Wrestling has been afflicted similarly until the last year or two, but since Hugh Leonard began teaching in New York he has created an interest in this the most really interesting and best all-round in-door sport of them all, and no doubt this year the New York Athletic Club will have quite an entry. With fencing, the cause is equally easy of discernment, but of a very different nature. The devotees of fencing in New York have always been of our best members of society, but either from the confusion of "schools" or lack of application or interest, the general improvement in form has been very meagre. Some two or three have developed into skilful fencers, but of many who pretend to fence, the average of those who are really skilful is shamefully small. The chief trouble is that too much store has been set by winning points, which has developed fencers who, in their desire to make a "touch," have thrown aside all ideas of form, and this has really made a style of fencing that is very similar to the hit-or-miss style of boxing. The form one sees at the fencing championships is just about of this order. As there is a Fencers' League and a Fencers' Club devoted to fencing, and a fencing-master at both the Racquet and the New York Athletic clubs, this state of affairs seems curious. There is much opportunity here for the Fencers' League to immortalize itself in bringing harmony out of chaos.

THERE IS A MUCH MORE PLEASING story to tell of racquets. Although necessarily more limited in the number of its devotees, the increased interest in the game and the higher average of play in the last two years are marked. What is known as the handicap tournament at the Racquet Club showed a much better grade of play last year than in any previous one. From Boston and Philadelphia come gratifying reports of the number of new men taking up the game, and of the improved skill of the old ones. The University Athletic Club has increased the number of players in New York astonishingly. With their two courts, and a recently acquired marker from England, the average of men who play is probably larger than even that of the Racquet Club, though of course most of them are practically beginners. Mr. Percy Ashworth, the amateur racquet champion of England, visited New York in the early spring months, and by handily defeating Mr. B. Spalding de Garmendia, our champion, gave superficial thinkers the impression that our American game was not much of an affair; but, without detracting from Mr. Ashworth's game, which was remarkably clever, Mr. De Garmendia was not in form at the time of the match. Had he played as he did later, when he won the championship by defeating J. S. Tooker, undoubtedly the contest would have been a very close and even one. Mr. De Garmendia never played in better form than he did in this championship, and he has unquestionably demonstrated his right to be called the first player of America. The number of racquet-players is sure to continue to increase, from the fact that the game is becoming more popular by the building of courts in cities where they have heretofore not existed. Chicago is the most recent convert to the game.

COURT TENNIS, although its followers are still more limited, because of the scarcity of courts and the expense of the game, has in the past year added to its list of players. There are really but two courts in the United States—one in the New York Racquet Club and one in the Boston Athletic Association—but in both these the engagement-books were well filled; certainly much more so than they were in '92. There is a steadily increasing desire amongst sportsmen to master this old and very difficult in-door game.

THE TENNIS SEASON was successful, so far as it went. I have not space to qualify in detail all I mean by that. Those who have followed this department will remember what was written at the time of the national tournament at Newport, and if they are interested they can refer to it. Lawn-tennis in this country has been lowering its average just a little in the last two years—not in the number of individual players, but in the general skill, as seen in the tournaments. It has reached a point where there are some dozen players who are seen at every tournament. Their play, of course, is first class, but it has always seemed to me that what we want, and on what the future of the game depends, is the constant development of new men. This is a matter for the National Lawn-Tennis Association to take up. It seems rather curious that in this country, with its thousands of tennis-players, there are not ten really first-class men playing to-day. The game needs vigorous and constant encouragement in the different sections of the country if it is to flourish.

The season culminated at Newport in a surprising manner, by the championship falling to a man who was not considered better than third or fourth. R. D. Wrenn, the present champion, is undoubtedly a strong player, and has been improving during the last two years. He will show a better game this year than he did last, and be better able to defend the honors that he has won. It is hard to believe that he is a better man than Hovey, notwithstanding the fact that he defeated him. The intercollegiate championship was won by Malcolm Chace, of Brown, who was one of the youngest of the leading players.

WRITING AT THIS HOUR, the college year of sport seems to have had nothing in it but football and talk of legislation; but the fact is that the year '93 was a very auspicious one in every department. In athletics, Yale must be declared to have made the greatest success, not only from its having won the intercollegiate championships, but from the marvellous improvement over the preceding two years. It was beaten in its dual games with Harvard by a score of some twenty points, but pulled into winning form two weeks later. Pennsylvania also comes in for a word of commendation for its showing in athletics. Its entries at the intercollegiate championships have always been confined to two or three men. This year it sent over sixty-seven, and took third place with eleven points. Princeton's showing was very poor, its team having, by some means or other, done their worst just at the time when they should have done their best.

The championships were not as interesting as usual, largely from the fact that they were dragged out to a most tiresome length. There were over eight hundred entries, which of itself is comment enough. Of course it is very gratifying that the colleges should have developed their athletic departments in the last few years so as to send teams of 60, 70, and 80 men where they used to send only 5, 10, and 20, but it is possible to have too much even of a good thing. As matters are now, there is no limitation whatever to the size of the team that a college may send to these championships, and as every college is naturally desirous of making a good showing in this respect, it has become largely in the last two years a rivalry in numbers. There is no doubt that a standard of skill should be established which candidates for these teams should be required to reach. If a college has no men who are possible winners, there is no use in sending them to the championships. For instance, last year the College of the City of New York had 68 entries; Pennsylvania, 67; Princeton, 58; Columbia, 56; University of New York, 56; Amherst, 48; Yale, 82; and Harvard, 78. Harvard's, Yale's, and Princeton's teams could very easily have been divided by three, Pennsylvania's by four, and the balance by five, and they would then have been amply represented. There is room for needed legislation in this particular, and unless the change is made in 1894, the games will be robbed of that intense interest which they have always created.

Of the individual performers, Hickok of Yale carries off the honors with two records—one with a 16-pound hammer throw of 110 feet 4½ inches; the other, with a 16-pound shot put of 41 feet ⅛ inch.

The college athletic year of '93 showed the excellent results of the dual contests between universities of about even strength. The Harvard and Yale arrangement, several years ago, was followed by that between Princeton and Columbia, and last year Pennsylvania and Cornell did likewise. It is undoubtedly what won Yale the championship in '93. If Columbia is not too far gone it will brace up her athletics, and it was evident last year what it has already done for Pennsylvania and Cornell. There is no other method so sure of developing athletics.

IN BASEBALL HARVARD CARRIES AWAY the honors, her team having won the series over Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. Harvard's experience during the baseball season should, however, leave a deep impression at Cambridge. Probably no college had ever been represented by a nine which had upon it more brilliant individual players. Notwithstanding, it required the most delicate handling, and finished the season with a record little better than that of Yale's team, which was largely of home production.

Yale played a good, consistent game straight through the season. It had a remarkable pitcher in Carter, but the teamwork and the general play of the men were beyond what could have been expected from men of similar experience. Princeton's work in some respects was pleasing, and in others quite the contrary. At times the men played well, and again poorly, and, on the whole, its season cannot be called a very satisfactory one. It lost to both Harvard and Yale, but won from Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania's team was probably the most unsatisfactory of the lot. It began rather strongly, but ended weakly. Brown stands next to Yale, from whom it won a game, and one from Harvard as well. Of the lot, Cornell has as good a record as any. Out of nineteen games played it won fifteen, including its Pennsylvania series. To be sure, the teams it met were weaker than those that the other colleges played, on the average, but, nevertheless, Cornell's work was very satisfactory. Among the smaller New England colleges, Amherst put out a first-class team, and played good ball, winning the pennant. The condition of amateur baseball outside the colleges, unfortunately, remained unchanged. There was as little amateur in it as usual.

All-America College team, with the four regular substitutes, for 1893:

Catcher, Ranney of Dartmouth.
Pitcher, Carter of Yale.
First base, Weeks of Brown.
Second base, Stearns of Amherst.
Third base, Abbott of Harvard.
Short stop, Murphy of Yale.
Left field, Case of Yale.
Centre field, Hallowell of Harvard.
Right field, Payne of Princeton.
Substitute catcher, Upton of Harvard.
" pitcher, Highlands of Harvard.
" in-fielder, King of Princeton.
" out-fielder, Beall of Yale.

THE HARVARD-YALE EIGHT-OARED CREW race at New London was the closest that they have had in many years, but once again Yale was the victor, because of its superior knowledge of rowing and its more workmanlike manner of putting that knowledge into practical use. However, Harvard has been giving evidence every year that in rowing it is learning the lesson it seems unable to master in football. It is building up a system and a school, and sticking to it. Eventually it will bring its share of successes. Pennsylvania and Cornell rowed their 'varsity on Lake Minnetonka, and Pennsylvania showed better form than it has in any year. It has, through its coach, Woodruff, adopted the Yale stroke, and its effect in the rowing was noticeable. It has brought a very ragged crew up to a fairly good standard.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON IS SO RECENTLY ended that its results are perfectly fresh in the minds of all. It would seem, indeed, from the amount of football talk that remains in the air that the season is still on. The hue-and-cry about the brutality of the game, the need for legislation, and so forth, have already been treated in recent issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY. There remains only here to record that, from the writer's very careful and wide investigation at the representative colleges of the different sections of the country, he is still further convinced that football, as well as all athletics, has worked valuable results, beyond measure, in the physical condition and in the morale of the general undergraduate body. There is a universal demand for a remodelling of the present football rules, and it will be brought about this winter by the University Athletic Club's calling a convention of football men competent to act on the subject.

Princeton carries off the football honors. It did not meet Harvard, but it defeated Yale in the most remarkable game that we have ever seen played in this country, and Yale defeated Harvard. Moreover, Princeton was the only one of the larger colleges to keep Pennsylvania from scoring, and this it did in the early part of the season, before its team was anything like so strong as it was the last of November. No football eleven that we have ever had played such an all-round, skilful game as did Princeton against Yale on Thanksgiving day. Yale and Princeton both showed improved games over '92, while Harvard's game was not up to the one it played the year before. Pennsylvania's game, however, showed the most marked advance.

The smaller colleges this year seem to have been heard of less than any year in football. Dartmouth won the New England League pennant; Cornell's play was not so good as it was the year before; Lehigh showed the best game of any season; while Wesleyan resigned from the association early in the season, and was little heard of afterwards.

All-America team for 1893:

Butterworth, Yale, full-back.
Brewer, Harvard, and Morse, Princeton, half-backs.
King, Princeton, quarter.
Lewis, Harvard, centre.
Wheeler, Princeton, and Hickok, Yale, guards.
Lea, Princeton, and Newell, Harvard, tackles.
Hinkey, Yale, and Trenchard, Princeton, ends.
Substitutes—Ward (Princeton), Thorne (Yale), and Brooke and Knipe (Univ. of Pa.) back of the line; Holly, Taylor, and Balliet (Princeton) and Greenway (Yale) in the line.

Outside of the colleges the athletic year has been the poorest of any in my recollection. There were fewer games given during the season of '93, and, with rare exceptions, these few were not up to the standard that had ruled in the preceding year. The most commendable feature of the in-door season was the introduction of team racing at the Boston A. A. games, which proved to be a most interesting and instructive addition.

The all-round individual championship was a miserable exhibition. Of the five competitors, only one, E. W. Goff, who proved to be the winner, played in the class. The other four were out of their sphere entirely. His performances were very good; for the rest mediocrity was the order of the day.

Early in the season the Canadian Association wisely held games open to Canadians only, for the first time in its history, and if they will pursue this plan for a few years there will be no reason for their championships being carried off by athletes from the United States. There is plenty of material in Canada to make the best athletes in the world.

Although there were four world's records made at the national championships held at Chicago, they were the most uninteresting of any for the last five years, and the performances, as a rule, were poorer. Of these four records, the 16-pound shot of 47 feet, made by George R. Gray, and the running hop, step, and jump of 48 ft. 6 in., by E. B. Bloss, are the only ones that stand out as remarkable. The other two—27 ft. 5 in. for distance pole-vaulting, by Green, and 15 ft. 4½ in. for throwing the 56-pound weight for height, by Mitchell—are comparatively new games, and the standard, consequently, is low.

The most remarkable performances done at Chicago were the swimming records made by A. T. Kenney and W. J. Douglass. The former did 100 yards in 1 min. 12½ sec., and 440 yards in 6 min. 24⅕ sec., while Douglass did 880 yards in 13 min. 39⅘ sec., beating the American record 2 minutes and the world's record 3 seconds.

The one shining performance of the athletic season was T. P. Conneff's wonderful mile in 4 min. 7¼ sec.

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS MUCH TALK of an English crew and English polo players, the only foreign team that visited us was the Australian cricketers, who were badly beaten in their first match with Philadelphia, but managed to win their second. They ought to have been beaten in the return match also, had the Philadelphians played as well as they did in their first. Notwithstanding the many results that show to the contrary, Philadelphia can turn out an eleven of amateur cricketers that could probably give the best amateur elevens in the world a very hard game, and beat a large percentage of them. There is some talk of such a team going to England next year, and if it does, it will probably return with a good record.

THE POLO SEASON was in one respect the best since the introduction of the game in this country. Many of the tournaments were disappointments, and some of the dates had to be abandoned on account of the non-appearance of teams, but the one lesson that was taught from the first to the end of the season was the necessity of team-play. This has been the weak spot of the American game. We have brilliant individual players, but they have lacked the application to make a good team. Last year for the first time four men went through the season as a team should, and their success was an object-lesson to all polo players. Let us hope it will be acted upon.

Pony racing under A. H. & P. R. A. auspices had a flourishing season, more meetings being held under its rules in '93 than in any year since the Association first struggled into existence on Long Island four years ago.

Regular horse-racing worried through a season that almost from beginning to end was rank with scandal, of which the Board of Control, whether from indifference or inability, failed to purify it.

The American running turf has lost caste the past two seasons. The arrival in our country of that grand horse Ormonde, and the great race between Dobbins and Domino, will serve to make the season of '93 memorable.

OF BICYCLING there is nothing to be said. It was in the same condition last year as it was in 1892. Racing bicycling is as professional as professional baseball; it lacks only the name. There is, again, just now an agitation to make two classes of the racers, as discussed in these columns some time ago—to allow one to be paid by manufacturers for riding, and to restrict the other class to amateurs.

The season of '93 closed with even a more bewilderingly brilliant array of fast records than did that of '92, most of

them, however, made at private trials. It is indeed too bad that among the great number of marvellously speedy racers there should be so few amateurs.

The present records are ¼ mile, J. S. Johnson, 28 seconds; ½ mile, J. S. Johnson, 59⅘ seconds; 1 mile, J. S. Johnson, 1 minute 58⅕ seconds; 5 miles, L. S. Meintjes, 11 minutes 6⅕ seconds.

All these questions have been so fully discussed in this department that its readers are thoroughly familiar with them. It remains only to speak of the general and remarkable growth of interest in all athletic matters all over the country. At the schools, colleges, in shooting, hunting, and fishing clubs, in game preserves and forestry preservations, the amount of interest developed in athletic sports and the money expended exceeded that of any other year.

BEFORE CLOSING THE YEAR'S RETROSPECT there are three books to which I should like to call the attention of all sportsmen, and to advise them by all means to add to their libraries: *The Wilderness Hunter*, by Theodore Roosevelt; *American Big-Game Hunting*, the annual book of the Boone and Crockett Club; and *Walter Camp's Book of College Sports*. Mr. Roosevelt has covered his subject so thoroughly that he has left no excuse for another's pen in the same field. From his own ripe experience he has written of the big game of this country interestingly and instructively, and the result is a sportsman's classic.

The Boone and Crockett book is the first literary effort of the Boone and Crockett Club, whose objects are protection of game, preservation of forestry, and promotion of manly sport with the rifle. Its members include some of the biggest big-game hunters in the United States, and these have each written a hunting story, and written it well. It is a very attractive book to sportsmen, which is natural enough, considering that Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell, Owen Wister, Archie Rogers, Winthrop Chanler, Arnold Hague, Dean Sage, W. D. Pickett, Roger D. Williams, F. C. Crocker, George S. Anderson, Bronson Rumsey, and W. B. Devereux furnish the text.

How qualified Walter Camp is to write on college sports we all know, and will be glad therefore to have the opportunity of preserving in book form the many things he has had to say. The chief charm of the book to older sportsmen will be the introduction, which preaches a wholesome sermon on purity in athletics.

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